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Around Town.

One of the most peculiar things of the week was the final expulsion of the Galt heretics from the Presbyterian church by the dismissal of their appeal to the General Assembly. As will be remembered the appellants held and taught the doctrine of perfect holiness and were considered disturbing elements in the church to which they belonged. Their appeals to the Assembly were moderate and almost pathetic. They were willing to remain quiet, to be debarred from teaching in the Sunday school and the prayer meeting, though in an interrogative way they asked if they would be deprived of the privilege of reading the scripture lesson or "taking part in prayer or testimony." They stated their willingness to be called to order by the church, but their appeals were in vain and their letter read after their expulsion shows a considerably wider Christian spirit than was evinced by the Assembly.

I for one cannot understand how a church which holds that a certain portion of mankind was born to be damned and another portion to be saved, can deny the doctrine of holiness. If a man is holy enough to be saved without any effort of his own he is perfectly holy or else Christ is willing outside of the atonement to welcome a man who is unholy. For instance Jones is one of the elect, he has no impulse towards sin, he delights in prayer, good works, and meditating upon the glories of the world to come. It is easy to believe that he is one of the elect because it is evident that he was born with a disposition towards godliness. On the other hand Smith is a riotous liver, profane, blasphemous, dishonest, tyrannical, and altogether unlovely. Surely he cannot be one of the elect? Now, if the Galt people felt that they were of the elect, and felt the pure impulses of those who are fit to be received by their Maker with his "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," it is not wonderful that they thought themselves perfectly holy, and it was but honest that they should urge that belief and preach the possibility of perfect holiness in others. If I believed in the doctrine of predestination and foreordination I should believe myself to be one of the non-elect, for I do not find my spirit always striving after the good but rather in the pursuit of evil. I frankly confess that the good I do is largely in spite of the evil, and that the only good things that are easy are those which appear to give pleasure to others and to leave a pleasurable sensation of having made a sacrifice, within my own heart. This cannot be the feeling of the elect who are born to be angels after a brief probation; it cannot be the everyday sensation of those who have the glorious legacy of election. The ecstasy of the man who was born so perfectly in God's own image and by His eternal decrees was fitted for Heaven without any effort of his own, must be that of divine elation, his ecstasy must be the indescribable affluence which moves poets to sing of the glories of Heaven and the pitiable meanness of the earth. In a weakly human way the non-elect may rebel and cry aloud that it is unjust that they should be prepared for hell before their birth, but the most merciful feature in the whole arrangement is that no one seems to think that he or she can possibly belong to the non-elect. I never knew a man who believed in the doctrine of foreordination who did not believe that he was one of the few set apart for salvation. If a man believed that he was born to be damned his life would be insupportable, and so it is probably a wise dispensation of Providence—if the doctrine of election be worthy of credence—that everyone should think that he has some small part in the beauties of the world to come, and that there is a room set apart for him in the house of many mansions. If this be true it is not natural that the little section of the Presbyterian church in Galt, feeling doubly certain of their election, should be carried away by their thankfulness that they were born for eternal life and infinite happiness, that their souls should be absorbed by a contemplation of their magnificent inheritance, and that their minds should be filled with unspeakable thankfulness that they are not of the unfortunate many who from the time they were pilloved on their mother's breast were set apart through the un-

countable cycles of eternity for the flames which devour and agonize without consuming?

It seems to me that the doctrine of perfect holiness is in perfect accord with that of unavoidable damnation, unless we believe that the elect are just as wicked as those who are born for torture. If we do not believe this and are forced to hold that the elect and the non-elect are equally unrighteous, equally unworthy, then how is it possible for our sense of justice to reconcile God's decrees with those of justice? If those set apart for heaven and hell have been so selected that goodness, fitness and a love of Christ's teaching have nothing to do with it, if those whose impulses are towards good are to be damned and those whose impulses as towards bad are to be saved, unless the torture be very severe, hell would be nearly as pleasant a place to spend one's future in as heaven itself, for the society, if this contention be true, would be equally good in both places.

I think the fact of the matter is that the Presbyterian Church, though it subscribes to the Confession of Faith, does not believe in it, and no better evidence could be found than the expulsion of the "perfectly holy people" of Galt. It irritates these clerical members of the elect as much as it does those who feel less certain of their future residence to have a section of the community profess greater godliness than they can possibly feel. If a man were to tell me that he was without sin, I would quote him the passage which tells the self-righteous "who thinketh he standeth to take heed lest he fall,"

must impress its feebleness upon those who gaze up at eternal things and feel their own littleness, one cannot but wonder whether God will raise from the dead that which is unfit to live. "As in Adam all died, even so in Christ are all made alive," but those who are not in Christ are possibly not made alive, and if they are dead in sin it would be a merciful view to believe that death in that instance means eternal death. When man fell and was separated from the tree of life by the flaming sword, it is not unnatural to believe that he will never reach that tree of life again unless through Christ, and if he remain away from it he is dead, and if he be dead it is not difficult to believe that his hell means the old Saxon hell which referred to being buried, covered up. I know that the strictest sects of orthodoxy oppose this view because they believe a great moral restraint would be taken away from mankind if the choice between life and death were literally interpreted. If we were to believe that eternal life means eternal life, and eternal death means eternal death, instead of eternal torture, I do not so believe. I hold that the majority of men who are about to yield up the spirit that God gave them, if they were to select between the chance of a terrible future and that of extinction, would choose life of any kind rather than death. All that a man hath will he give for his life, and if this be true in a temporal way, how much stronger would be the impulse towards the choice of eternal life even if it be one of misery rather than that of eternal sleep. I know that I shall not yield up my life until I have to. I like to live. When it is said I am dead, those who hear

suggests itself not only to reason but to mercy. When the old dog becomes mangy and toothless, his master does not keep him alive in order to torture him, but kills him; and we cannot believe that an infinite mercy would condemn those who have been given an earthly probation which has proved them unworthy to ages of agony nor revenge itself on the failure of the experiment by torturing the immortal part of that which failed to succeed.

I have been away fishing, and in the long intervals between the times I had an opportunity of torturing the poor fish I have been vaguely philosophizing on these problems amidst beauties of nature which I scarcely thought existed in this fair Canada of ours. Fishing itself is not devoid of brutality. To see a poor dew worm wriggling on the hook suggests one's carelessness of the suffering of the dumb creation, and when one puts a frog on the hook there is such a human look about the beast that it really takes away my appetite. One can stick a hook into a locust, it is such an ugly looking grub, without compunction, and the spirit of the sportsman rises when you hook a fish. You can kill it without being sorry, but after all one has to be an old fisherman to get rid of the feeling that you are inflicting needless suffering.

On a fishing trip, lasting nearly a week, on the upper Trent, I saw scenery which is as glorious as the most beautiful section of the Hudson. Take Healy Falls, for instance, where our camping place was, a beautiful opening on a promontory of land, where

society that the big fish eat the little ones, and that suffering does not count as long as you land your game. I think the man who fishes a couple of times a year has these things impressed on him, and it makes him better behaved towards his fellow man.

Camping out is a great feature of these expeditions. There you drink flies and pusmires and millers and grubs in warm water without complaint, eat salt pork with a relish, take in white beans as if they were the greatest delicacy of the season, tackle canned meats as if they were a luxury and altogether submit to privations and inconveniences which if they took place at home would make one rise up in rebellion, fire the cook, and cause a separation between man and wife. Every man who takes in a little camp life learns to endure its trials and gets nearer the source of the trouble and finds out that accidents will happen in the best regulated families, even if the greatest possible care is exercised. Wives ought to encourage their husbands to take camping trips. When they come back covered with mosquito bites, their ears full of sand and their hair in a disordered mass they take more kindly and patiently to the little experiences which mark the history of every household and are more inclined to forgive than to complain. Besides it is a salutary thing for a man to be in communion with nature once in a while. While he sits by the camp fire and endeavors to protect himself from the attacks of the mosquito he thinks of the comforts of home and as he looks up at the star, and listens to the rush of waters and the rustling of the leaves of the

trees he finds an echo, no matter whether he defines it or not, in his heart of the ecstatic exclamation of the psalmist when he cries: "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." The man who communes with Nature does not need to put his thoughts into words. One learns to think in the language of the woods and to worship with the voice of the stream. The gentle whispering of the winds is a softer petition than any prayer with an organ accompaniment or the softly chanted amen of a choir.

When a party of men get together in a camp of this sort they get rougher in word than they are when they are at home but they are more gentle in thought. They tell outrageous stories but they think more beautiful thoughts and the stories by their outrageousness serve simply to accentuate the beauties of the hour and make the soul revolt from the coarse things of earth amidst the music and sublime things of nature

and of heaven. Then one must learn to be more unselfish. Men are selfish animals and poor womankind are their victims. When a lot of men get together no one will submit to the cracks and whims which characterize the husband's lofty reign at home. They must accept their portion of labor and responsibilities. The little errands have to be done by full grown people, and home life begins to assume a different phase as one tugs a pail of water up a high hill and makes the smudge in the tent or assists in the culinary department. A man in camp approaches nearer a proper conception of a woman's life, the forbearance she exercises, the consideration for the feelings of others, the kind words which are necessary to companionship, the considerate action without which one would be companionless, than in any other experience I know of. Every man would be the better of a couple of weeks or a month's isolation. If he is with rough, coarse men it will brutalize him, if he is with sentimental, considerate men, those who have achieved something because they have been thoughtful of others, it will humanize him, get him back to first principles and renew his youth, and he will go back to his family a hundredfold better than he left it.

I have often wondered how it is that men tell such infernal lies about the fish they catch or don't catch, but fishing is such a question of luck! One man will sit and fish all day in a place and after leaving it in disgust someone will come along and fish in the same spot with immense success. The only way a fellow can equalize such things is by telling big stories. I imagine as a rule that people do not catch half the fish they tell about, but there is just as much pleasure in telling about them as there is in catching them. Then to think of the magnificent fish we lose.



THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTERS—A FRENCH SCENE.

but I have more sympathy with the man who believes he is perfectly holy and therefore justifies his election, than with the man who knows he is imperfect and still believes that God has arbitrarily selected him as one of His own. One could be justified, the other could not. If Christ died for all, we all have an equal chance. If he died only for the elect those of us who do not belong to it have no chance at all. If a certain portion of us are perfectly holy in this world I could see them go to heaven and feel glad they were saved and feel sorry I was not born the other way, but if I were to see a man who is as bad or worse than I am going heavenward in spite of himself while I had to go to the other place in spite of myself, I should be justified in cursing the evil star under which I was born and denouncing as unjust the infinite power which made my birth and damnation coincident.

The Universalists believe that all men will finally be saved; that after death there is a period of probation in which man may accept that which on earth he refused. The fact that after death Christ preached to those in Hades, gives a color of possibility to this humane faith; yet I, with the majority, believe that as a tree falleth so shall it lie. I could much more readily believe that if a man were unfit to be raised from the dead he would not be raised than that he should be raised in impurity and given an opportunity to reform when the shackles of the flesh have been removed. Job's question still recurs to a great many, "If a man die shall he live again?" When he who was so much afflicted looked upon the faces of his dead children and saw about him the wreckage of his hopes, it was not unnatural that he should ask himself "If a man die shall he live again," and looking at the same problem in the feeble way which

may know that I have been conquered for I propose to live just as long as I can and even if I have not a consciousness of belonging to the elect I still want to live. I would rather cling to my idea of God's eternal mercy even if it be overshadowed by the belief instilled in my childhood that there is a place of eternal torture, than to lie down and die and believe that that is the last of me. When one leaves home and says adieu to those behind the pain of parting is made endurable by the belief in a future meeting. When one closes the eyes of the beloved dead and folds the hands which have been so tender and kisses the lips so loving in life it is a bereavement that does not drive one to an insanity of grief because there is the hope of some day seeing those eyes shine into ours again and feeling the tender pressure of the hands now so cold, and hearing words of endearment from the silent lips which give back no answer to the caresses which cling with such wild pleading to those who are dead. I cannot see how grief would be supportable if that were the last we were to see of those we loved. How utterly useless life would be if this were all of it, what folly to endure the trials of to day if there were to be no God-illumined tomorrow. Then what more awful fate can be pointed out to those who are unworthy to live in this world than the fact that they are unfit to survive the grave, that when clouds fall upon them they are no more worthy of resurrection than the blind and helpless dog killed in mercy by his master, or the useless horse after tugging his loads through the brief span of life which is killed that the bother of feeding him shall not be incurred after his usefulness is gone? And yet this law—the survival of the fittest—even if it has been taught by one who had doubts, is the law which

the roar of the falls and the swirl of the rapids made sweetest lullaby to quiet the tired nerves of those who toil in cities. It has not its counterpart in any land except our own. Amidst the music of falling waters and whispering winds one cannot but think of beautiful things. Back to me came the days when in the old farm house the peach boughs rustled against the window and the wind whispered amidst the wheat fields and meadows when on a hot summer day among a clump of maples the tired harvesters ate their indigestible lunch and I carried the water pail with ever increasing pleasure when it got full of grasshoppers and grubs before I got back to those who had to drink. There is no pleasure in a service of that kind and I find the same instinct amongst those who row the city fishermen about the streams and bays and lakes which are said to abound in bass and maskelonge. Fishing is a goodly sport, it is a contemplative sort of a thing; though I confess I got more mosquito bites than fish, I never enjoyed anything more hugely in my life. A man who goes fishing thinks he must load himself up with a lot of mechanical tackle which makes money for the dealer but fails to be attractive to the fish. Live minnows, frogs, dew worms and crawfish are more attractive to bass than any amount of phantoms, and the simple rule of not going too fast nor believing that because you are fishing there the fish are going to come, is enough to make one stay long enough in a place to give it a chance and not stay too long to deprive you of an opportunity of trying other more favored spots. A week's fishing is good for anybody and everybody. It humanizes a man. When he sticks his hook into some inoffensive reptile in order to lure a fish to its destruction you observe the principle generally adopted by

We land the little ones and lose the whales always. Is it not the same in every other phase of life? We are always looking out to big things, but we can never get them out of the water. We are just about making a fortune when something happens. We have enormous bites and catch nothing but minnows. We see immense fish follow our bait clear to the top of the water and still we pull in the empty hook. A man who fishes long enough becomes a philosopher; disappointments may lead to industry, and industry will certainly bring success.

The discussion caused by the preposterous claims of the railways to the water front of this city is beginning to assume a proper basis. Hitherto it has been successfully urged by the attorneys of such corporations that the great amount of good done to the city by the entrance of a railway should be paid for by an unlimited grant of privileges which later on, in the hands of the corporation would become, and in the instance of Toronto have become, the means by which the company could extort still further concessions. Toronto has given up hundreds of thousands of dollars in busing railroads, and if they have helped to build Toronto, Toronto has helped to make the railways profitable. The idea of having railway lines separating the people of this city from the water front, and of expropriating the banks of the Don for improvement for railways is simply absurd. If the Council finds out what the railways absolutely need in order to carry on business, they can resist much more successfully the present outrageous demands. There is every disposition on the part of this city to give transportation companies every necessary advantage, but the giving of anything beyond what necessity demands would not only be robbing the citizens, but giving the key of the city to the railway company, and from past experience we have every reason to believe that they would not be scrupulous in using their power.

Some of the French Canadian orators have been threatening that if the agitation against the racial and religious peculiarities of Quebec is continued in the Province of Ontario, the Lower Province will throw in its fortunes with the United States. This is an old threat, and it has lost its power of frightening the English speaking people into silence. The Southern States not only threatened to secede from the North, but attempted it. All those who believed that the United States was a nation and not a bundle of provinces loosely tied together took up arms to defend the Union. The result was that the Southern Federalism was shorn of its glory and the slaves were freed. If Quebec should attempt to secede from the Canada Federality the result will be the same. The English speaking people will take up arms to preserve the nation and Quebec will be taught to behave herself. It would perhaps be a fortunate thing for Canada if those on the other side of the Ottawa river—which is our Mason and Dixon's line—were to attempt secession. It is doubtful if, until some opportunity is afforded English speaking Canada of reconquering Quebec, there can be any real union in Canada.

A leading hotel man was telling me the other day that Toronto's tourist business is annually becoming smaller. The bad service furnished by the Ontario and Richelieu navigation steamers has discouraged the American travelers from going to the Thousand Islands and the St. Lawrence by way of the Niagara steamers and Toronto. It is a pity that this large stream of traffic which now goes down to the Thousand Islands on the other shore by means of the Home, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad should have been diverted from the line which used to be of such benefit to us. Those interested in this matter should take the thing in hand. Two or three well equipped boats would soon drive the old line out of competition and there is no reason why an investment of this sort should not be permanent and profitable.

Society.

The Toronto Riding and Driving Club have hitherto confined their meets to drives in sleighs during the winter months, and have on that account been popularly known as the Toronto Sleighing Club. This afternoon, however, they enter upon a new departure and thus prove the accuracy of their title. At the invitation of the president of the club, Mr. J. K. Kerr and Mrs. Kerr, members are to meet at Rathnelly, Mr. Kerr's fine mansion on the Rosedale Hills, at two o'clock for luncheon. The meal over, on horseback or in carriages, they are to proceed to some point beyond the Humber returning to town in time for dinner at seven. Society has not gone in for riding this spring as much as last, mainly on account of the absence in Europe of many of the devotees of the best of exercises. Some of these have now returned to town and this meet of the Riding and Driving Club is to be followed by others, provided that a continuance of unsummerlike weather keeps a sufficient number of people at home. The late rains have kept the grassy lanes and pleasant glades of the Humber district in splendid condition, so that if one falls at all, one may fall softly.

Mr. J. H. Plummer, assistant manager of the Bank of Commerce, and Mrs. Plummer left on Tuesday evening for a holiday to be spent in Europe.

Miss Walker, daughter of ex-Ald. David Walker, has returned to town after a pleasant fortnight's trip in New York.

Dr. A. J. Johnson of Bloor street west is spending a week in Muskoka fishing.

Maplehyrn looked its loveliest on Tuesday afternoon when the elite of Toronto gathered together within its walls, at the request of Mr. and Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby, to meet the members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. The weather was all that could be desired, bright and warm, and the spacious grounds surrounding this comfortable mansion, presented a dazzling appearance, the exquisite tint of the foliage lending a charming ground for the

pretty, pale colors of the ladies' costumes. An enormous marquee was erected on the south side of the house, with a long table abundantly covered with viands, for which there was a constant demand. The band of the Queen's Own Rifles discoursed a choice selection of Scotch and other melodies at short intervals during the afternoon, being stationed on a balcony on the west side of the house. In the dining-room there was also a large refreshment table, which received its full complement of callers for ices, strawberries, claret cup, tea, coffee, cake, etc. Mr. and Mrs. Cosby welcomed their guests in the drawing-room, the latter wearing a becoming gown of gray corded silk, vest of white, and steel trimmings. A neat straw hat completed her toilet. Fully four hundred must have been present. Some of the familiar ones being G. R. R. Cockburn, M. P., Mrs. and Miss Cockburn, Miss Maude McCutcheon, Mr. E. C. Rutherford, the Misses Rutherford, Mrs. Cattannach, Mrs. George Torrance, Mrs. Geo. Crawford, Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Brouse, Miss Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mrs. and the Misses Merritt, the Misses Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Miss Foy, the Misses Shanly, the Misses McLean, Mr. A. D. McLean, the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. Roly Moffatt, the Messrs. Michie, Miss Michie, Mrs. and Miss Bain, Mrs. Cawthra, Mr. J. Crowther, Mrs. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Bunting, Mr. Hoyle, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Moffatt, Dr. and Mrs. Graetz, Miss Heward, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ryerson, Mrs. Bruce McDonald, Miss Smyth, Hon. J. Beverley Robinson, Mrs. and Miss Hoskin, Mrs. and Miss Ince, the Messrs. Cawthra, the Misses D'Arcy Boulton, Mr. Leach, Mr. Evans, Mrs. Raymond Gamble, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mr. and Miss Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Lash, Mrs. Arthur Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Miss DuMoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Temple, Miss Gertrude Temple, Mrs. and the Misses Lockart, Mr. R. Lockart, Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Ince, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. A. Cameron, Mr. S. Morrison, Mr. and Miss Spratt, Mr. W. Spratt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mr. Austin Smythe, Mr. and Mrs. George Arthur, Miss Arthur, Mr. Jones, Dr. and Miss Thornburn, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Miss Vankoughnet, Mr. K. O. Moffatt, Miss Moffatt, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ogilvy, Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mrs. E. Brown, the Misses Gooderham, Miss Monaghan, Mrs. and Miss Wadsworth, Miss Birchall, Miss Cumberland, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mrs. R. H. and the Misses Bethune, Mrs. J. R. and the Misses Armstrong, the Misses McKellar, Mrs. Helliwell, Mr. and Mrs. Kane, Mrs. Jack Kay, Mr. W. Armstrong, Mrs. Arkle, Mr. Heath, Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Todd, Miss McDonald, Mr. P. McDonald, Mrs. Kemp, Mrs. J. S. McMurray, Mr. L. L. McMurray, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. McNab, Rev. J. D. and Mrs. Cayley, Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Merritt, Dr. Ogden Jones, Miss Brough, Miss Grier, Miss Dallas, Dr. G. S. Ryerson, Ald. Walker, Miss Minny Parsons, Mrs. Henry Fuller, Miss Green, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Miss Crowther, Mrs. McLean Howard and Miss Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mrs. Stanton, Mr. W. S. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Mabel Bright, Rev. D. J. and Mrs. Macdonnell, Mr. and Mrs. P. Ridout, Major Harrison, Mr. Brock, Mrs. Sewel, Miss Ethel Vickers, Miss Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Plummer, Mrs. S. Proudfoot, Mrs. and Miss Blaikie, Miss Benson, Mr. and Mrs. McMurray, Miss Tully, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. and the Misses Green, Miss Macdonnell, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Harris, Miss Fiskin, Miss Goldwin Smith, Miss Crooks, Dr. and Mrs. Leslie, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Mr. Martland, Mr. G. Mercer and Miss Adam, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mrs. and Miss Kay, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Gwynn, Miss Prince, Mrs. and Mr. Nicol and Miss Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. J. Robertson, Mrs. and Miss McKenzie, Mrs. F. and the Misses Osler, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, Mr. Dixon Patterson, Professor Boys.

Mr. Gus Richardson returned to Winnipeg Wednesday, after a short visit to his father, Dr. Richardson, St. Joseph street.

An interesting cricket match takes place this afternoon on the Upper Canada College grounds, between the Trinity College School of Port Hope and Upper Canada College Cricket Club, which will attract a large and fashionable number of spectators.

I am sorry to have to chronicle here the sad and sudden death of Mrs. Widmer Hawke, which took place at her husband's residence on June 19. Mrs. Hawke was a favorite in society and will be greatly missed. Mr. Hawke has the sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends, in his deep bereavement.

I have received a neatly gotten up programme of the closing exercises of Alma Ladies' College at St. Thomas. The exercises last from June 18th to the 26th, and embrace an interesting programme devoted to music, literature and art.

Among the many handsome dresses worn by the ladies at Government House reception last week, I noticed Miss Marjorie Campbell in a very pretty dress of white and pink combination, with large hat of white tulle; Mrs. Cattannach in white and green; Miss Edith McFarlane looked lovely in a pretty cream delaine with Nile green silk trimmings and large Gainsborough hat of cream tulle and daisies; Mrs. J. M. McFarlane in black lace and very stylish bonnet of black and yellow; Mrs. George Crawford in pink, with bonnet to match; Miss Rutherford in cream, with very pretty bonnet; Miss A. Rutherford in a pretty pink china silk gown and large pink hat with feathers; Miss Mabel Heward looked charming in a costume of blue and gold, with gold vest and stylish hat of blue; Mrs. Macklem in a black watered silk, bonnet of lace; Miss Fanny Smith looked charming in white, with lace hat; Mrs. Bruce Macdonald in very pretty crush strawberry dress and bonnet of pink tulle; Mrs. Cecil Lee looked bewitching in one of her trousseau dresses of white

lace and yellow, with large Gainsborough of white lace and yellow; Miss J. Gooderham in pink with lace front; Mrs. Cameron in a stylish steel gray suit, with bonnet of gray lace; Mrs. Clark in black silk, with bonnet of black lace and ribbon. I also noticed Mrs. Arkle, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mrs. Alf. Gooderham, Miss Gooderham, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Miss Daisy Otter, Mr. Cecil Lee, Mr. B. P. Rutherford, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Dr. and Mrs. McFarlane, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Dr. McDonagh, Dr. Moore, Miss Ella Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse and many others.

The Queen's Royal Hotel at Niagara has reopened for the season, and already preparations are being made for the first "hop."

The Empire on Tuesday published the following list of prominent Canadians and Torontonians now in Europe or on their way across the sea: Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Clarke, M.P., the Misses Clarke, Mr. C. G. Matlart, Mr. John Waldie, the Misses Waldie, Mr. W. A. Medland, Mrs. W. Roe, Miss Minnie Roe, Mr. Edward Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. H. Thorne, Miss M. Rous, Mr. John Dudgeon, Col. and Mrs. Sweeney, Miss Michie, Miss Skiff, Mr. and Mrs. F. Newbery and family, Miss Nellie Douglass, Miss Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. John Small, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kent, Mayor E. F. Clarke, M.P., Treasurer R. T. Coady, Mr. P. M. Clark, Mr. H. J. Scott, Q. C., Mr. N. Rooney, Mr. A. Johnstone, Mr. S. Caldecott and family, Mr. D. Graham and family, Mr. Victor Lee, Miss Height, Mrs. H. M. Hill, Miss Wintermute, Miss Etta Hill, Miss Parker, Miss McLean, Mr. and Mrs. R. Simpson, Miss Simpson, Mrs. C. D. Botsford, Mr. Jas. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. West, Mr. Chas. Cockshutt, Mrs. Cummings, Dr. A. M. Baines, Mr. G. M. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Lydiate, Mr. and Mrs. L. Gibb, Mr. L. Pears, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Greenfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wylie, Mr. and Mrs. Bolton, Mr. Thos. Gibson, Mr. Wm. Doe, Mrs. Todhunter, Mr. John Whatmough, Miss M. Murphy, Mr. Alex. Smith, Mr. John Saunders, Mr. Alex. and Miss Nairn, Mr. D. McLean, Mr. Malcolm Lamont, Mr. E. Dignum, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Jacobi, Mr. and Mrs. R. Kent, Mr. A. Roberts, Mr. S. F. McKinnon, Mr. Richard Brown, Mr. Alfred Reeve, Mr. John Hoskin, Q. C., Mr. Thos. Hodgins, Q. C., Mr. and Mrs. J. Gray Gibson, Mrs. Heron, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. W. Christie, Mr. R. J. Christie, Mrs. Palmer, Hon. Judge and Mrs. Gowan, Mr. E. Y. and Mrs. Eaton, Dr. and Mrs. Norman Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Carswell, Mr. George Beardmore, Miss Holmes of Richmond Hill, Mr. A. W. Ross, M. P., and Mrs. Ross of L'Esperance, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sutcliffe of Brampton, Hon. Oliver, Mrs. and Miss Mowat and Sheriff Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. and Miss Massey, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Hare, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Withrow, Mr. and Mrs. Tison, Mr. T. R. Metcalf, Mr. E. D. Carter, Mr. E. D. King, Mr. and Mrs. Galley, Rev. Dr. George and Mrs. George of Belleville.

A marriage has been arranged and will soon take place between Mr. Gamble Geddes, late A. D. C. at Government House, and Miss Jones of Church street. Miss Jones has recently returned from Europe, where she has wintered, and on her return the engagement was made public. Of the numerous engagements which have been announced of late, this is perhaps the one in which society has been most interested.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Middleton returned from Europe last week. Mr. Middleton being much improved in health.

Hon. John Macdonald and Miss Lucy Macdonald will leave on Monday for a two months' trip to Alaska.

The St. George's Society garden party which was to have taken place at the residence of Mr. Percival F. Ridout, Rosedale House, last Saturday, was postponed on account of the wet weather. It is now announced for next Saturday, June 29, and judging from the number of tickets sold it will be a great success.

The Infants' Home, I see, has received very substantial assistance from the late kermess. It gets the snug sum of \$4,715 which is the amount realized at the kermess after payment of all expenses. This included the sum of \$125 from the kermess ball committee. Everybody connected with the kermess has reason to feel gratified at the result, as one young lady said: "It is comforting to feel that we have done so much good when having so much fun."

Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson are summering on the Island, at The Moorings.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Walker of Carlton street, have taken a cottage at Hanlan's.

Mr. P. C. and Miss Allan of Spadina avenue arrived home this week from Bermuda.

Mr. Wm. F. Johnson, superintendent Massey Manufacturing Co., left on Tuesday for Europe.

Mrs. Dowling and family and Miss McLennan of New York will spend the summer at Monreith, on the Island.

Hon. Oliver, Mrs. and Miss Mowat, and Mr. Fred Mowat, sheriff of Toronto, left on Tuesday morning for a trip to England and the continent.

Mr. A. H. Young, B. A., has been promoted from second assistant teacher of moderns in Upper Canada College to the head of that department. He takes the place of Mr. Chas. Whitman, M. A., who goes to British Columbia.

Dr. W. H. P. McKeown was dined at the Reform Club last Saturday evening, by a number of his friends, previous to his departure for Europe to "walk the hospitals." Mr. John Scully occupied the chair, with Mr. G. F. Cane as vice-chairman. Dr. McKeown took his departure on Monday.

The members of the Boomer Rifle Association (A. Co., Royal Grenadiers) assembled at the Union Station on Monday night to give their comrades a send-off. Staff-sergeants Mitchell and McVittie left to join the rest of the Wimbledon team at Montreal, whence they sailed on Wednesday morning. With them went Staff-sergeant Hall, Q. O. R., and Staff-sergeant Curzon, R. O.

Mr. C. W. Taylor, the able and universally popular secretary-treasurer of the Globe Printing Co., has been promoted to the position of business manager, and the general public will recognize the merit of the appointment, for to Mr. Taylor is largely due the credit for maintaining and increasing the large business of the Globe. Mr. James Watt, formerly accountant and almost a rival of Mr. Taylor in point of popularity, is now secretary-treasurer. The newspaper craft in Toronto join heartily in congratulating both the Globe and Messrs. Taylor and Watt.

The piano recital given by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, a pupil of D. Fisher of the Conservatory of Music, on Monday evening was a success. The auditorium was filled to its utmost capacity. Mr. Tripp gave for his numbers selections from Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn and Liszt. He seemed quite at home manipulating the most difficult passages, and was warmly and enthusiastically encored after his rendition of Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2. Others helping in the programme were Mrs. T. H. Lister and Miss Maud Gilmour (sopranos), and Mr. Dinelli (cellist).

Mr. R. B. Teffy, treasurer of the Toronto branch of the Irish National League, was entertained at dinner at the Continental Hotel on Monday evening by his Irish friends. Rev. Father Hand was chairman and Mr. Patrick Boyle vice-chairman. There were present: Rev. Father Teffy, Rev. Father Brennan, Mr. Teffy of Richmond Hill, Rev. Father Rooney, Messrs. Fred. L. Lee, John Scully, J. A. Mulligan, Frank Cassidy, L. J. Cosgrave, P. Curran, the oarsman Wm. O'Connor, Frank P. Lee, W. J. Ryan, James Byrrell, M. J. Clancy, Charles Mahoney, Bryan Lynch, M. McKloski, John L. Lee, secretary, J. L. Coffey, Rev. Father McBride. Mr. Teffy is leaving to take charge of a branch of the Stockton Milling Company in California.

Mr. John G. Gibson, manager of the Ontario Brewing and Malting Co., was entertained last Saturday evening by a number of his friends at the National Club and on Monday was the recipient of a handsome clock and a beautifully engrossed address from the employees of the company in view of his marriage, which took place at the residence of Mr. C. A. Crawford, Grange road, on Tuesday morning. The bride was Miss McIntosh, a niece of Mr. Crawford. Rev. D. J. Macdonnell performed the ceremony at which none were present but a few personal friends of the bride and bridegroom. The wedding party accompanied the bride and groom on the Cibiola to Lewistown, where they took train for New York en route to England where they will spend their honeymoon.

"Hazing" at Vassar.

When the girl freshman enters Vassar, instead of receiving the hazing that awaits her brother on entering college, and being obliged to stand on a table in her robe de nuit to receive bucketsful of ice water on her devoted head, with an accompaniment of demoniacal howls and groans, she is welcomed with the prettiest, gentlest courtesy one girl knows how to bestow upon another. The "old girls" (those who have been one or more years in the college) immediately find out where the new girls are to room and call very promptly, introducing themselves and leaving their cards. The new girl is presumably a little frightened and very homesick, but the old girl doesn't appear to notice it or sympathize lest it precipitate a flood of tears, but endeavors to interest her in the customs and incidents of college life, of which she is now an element. There are no conditional students accepted at Vassar, but every examination must be satisfactorily passed before a student becomes a member of any class. This done, and the class organized and officered, its colors, flower, and motto chosen, the sophomores give to the freshmen a party of welcome, at which each soph invites personally a freshman to be her guest. To this lady she sends a bouquet, either of the class flower or her favorite blossoms, and she attends her with all gallantry and courtesy to the festivities, where she introduces her to her intimate friends, and is as devoted to the average young man would be under the same circumstances. The members of the faculty are also invited, and the party is held in the gymnasium, which has been handsomely decorated for the occasion with ornate contributions from the parlors of the pretty hostesses. There are music and dancing, songs of welcome from one class and responses from the other, and the new girls have been fairly launched on the tempestuous sea of college life. Then the two classes swear eternal and traditional enmity at each other, which culminates when the sophomores are seniors and the freshmen are juniors.

When these important matters have received the consideration their dignity demands, the new girl sets about establishing a little home for her four years' sojourn, and the woman's strongest instinct is betrayed. Put a womanly woman in the midst of an open field, with the sky for a roof-tree, and she will at once begin arranging and creating a home out of the very grass and stones about her. There are few single rooms for the students, and these have always been assigned to the more delicate girls. There is usually a small parlor occupied by three or four girls, and into this parlor open three or four bedrooms, one of one of which each girl is proprietor. The parlors are most artistic, cozy little snuggeries, essentially feminine and dainty in their arrangement. The broad, high window seats are cushioned with some bright, soft material and piled with gay pillows, handsome hangings conceal the doors opening into the bedrooms, rugs, pictures, etchings, bits of decorative work and comfortable little rockers complete the furnishing of the rooms, to which small writing desks and well-filled book-cases give the air of student life. All this if the girls are friends, but if through any mischance the room-mates cannot or will not affiliate, how all the pretty treasures disappear, each girl taking her own articles into her tiny little sleeping room and resolutely shutting the door upon them, leaving the parlor as dreary as a country way station.—N. Y. Sun.

Advice to Young Writers.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes recently said to an interviewer who asked him if he would advise a young writer, just beginning, to seek the magazines at first as the medium of bringing his work before the world: "Yes, if he feels his work is good enough; but until one has made at least something of a reputation, I think there is another way to bring his wares before the world. Now, I don't know whether there is such a paper in existence as the Oshkosh Gazette or not," said the doctor, smiling, "but if there is, if a young man who aspires to be a poet contributes his poems over his mere initials to even so modest a sheet as this, if they have the real ring to them they will find their way into other papers, near and far, and in time he will have a reputation."

Not Much.

Gothamite—Are you a married man?
Chicagoan (hesitatingly)—Um—No—only one wife.

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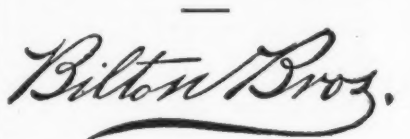
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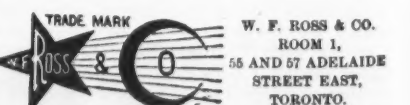
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Earnings of Newspaper Writers.

Mr. Joseph Howard has recently published an article in the Boston *Globe* containing much interesting matter on the subject of the incomes derived from literary work. He believes that the average earnings of American writers are decidedly above those of men in the other learned professions.

It is stated in a New York exchange that Edgar Saltus, if he had to depend on his writings for a living, could easily bring his income up to \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year. But being possessed of an independent fortune he writes but little and charges high. Harpers paid Amelie Rives \$100 for her sonnets, which is considered a mighty good price for mighty poor poetry. The highest price, however, yet paid for poor work was given by Collier of New York, who paid \$7000 for a seven-thousand line poem by Rives, and \$10,000 for a novelette by Stockton. Neither of these were successful. Brander Matthews earns \$3,000 a year and Edgar Fawcett about \$4,000. The latter received the extravagant sum of \$3,000 for his novel, *Olivia Delaplane*, from the *American Magazine*, which died almost immediately afterward. Both these writers, together with William Winter, make a handsome annual income out of Augustin Daly by doing hack work on the literature that manager gets out to advertise his companies and his theater. George W. Cable's pen brings him \$4,000 a year which he doubles by his readings. James Whitcomb Riley has made money since he formed the partnership with Bill Nye. His readings and writings make him about \$8,000 a year. Nye is paid \$100 a week by the *New York World*, and makes double that sum on the platform, all of which brings his yearly income up to not less than \$20,000. John Habberton, the author of *Helen's Babies*, makes over \$10,000 a year by his work on the *Herald* and other journals. W. D. Howells is paid \$10,000 a year by Harpers and makes probably \$5,000 outside of that. R. H. Stoddard's salary on the *Mail and Express* is \$2,500 a year, which amount he doubles by outside work. Richard Watson Gilder receives \$20,000 a year for editing the *Century*.

James Gordon Bennett has been accustomed to draw \$100,000 a year from the *Herald*, while C. A. Dana was paid \$80,000 per annum to edit the *Sun*. It is said that Jos. Pulitzer's income from the *World* last year was in the neighborhood of a million, while John Cockerill only received \$20,000 for editing that paper.

E. P. Roe earned \$50,000 a year without difficulty, and Mark Twain testified in his suit against John Ross Robertson some years ago, that the income from his books amounted to \$80,000.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett pulls in \$50,000 a year from publishers and theatrical managers. Mayo W. Hazeltine, the book critic of the *N. Y. Sun*, is paid \$10,000 a year, and it is stated that half a dozen Washington correspondents of New York papers draw salaries equally high. Jos. Howard makes about \$12,000 a year and never saves a cent. Beside these princely incomes the poor \$300 a year which Walt Whitman's poems have yielded him for many years, calls up a vision of a gaunt and hungry wolf at the door.

Ouida.

In a London correspondent's letter to the *New York Sun* occurs the following interesting sketch of the famous novelist, Ouida.

"I think by all odds the most grotesque and absurd little creature who ever came to London was the novelist Ouida. She was here two years ago, and there was a constant reign of terror among the women until she left; everybody was afraid of being put into her next book. Talk about her beautiful eyes or tempestuous manner is talk of the most absurd kind. She is almost small enough to be a dwarf, with no particular color to her eyes or hair, ill-fitting gowns, and the most extraordinary independence that has ever been known. Instead of stopping with the many people who invited her to stay with them, she went off and lived alone at the Langham Hotel because she felt that there her movements would be unrestricted. She was the great woman of the season here, and the most intractable and unmanageable one we ever had. She went to see whoever interested her without waiting for the form of an invitation or even introduction. For instance, one day very early in the afternoon she took an umbrella, put on a pair of sturdy walking boots, and walked down to the city and all around St. Paul's Churchyard and back to the Langham Hotel for exercise. Her squat little figure attracted some attention on the street and apparently the physical exertion set her brain going, for she made up her mind offhand to go and see two or three people whose names were known to her, and to whom she was more or less attracted on that account. She came up from St. James on her way to the city, stopped at Arlington street and told the man that she wished to see the Marchioness of Salisbury. The man took Ouida's card, sauntered up stairs with it to the drawing room, and when he got there, found that Ouida was strolling calmly along at his heels. As he entered the drawing room with the card, Ouida pushed by him and went up to the Marchioness and shook her warmly by the hand. As the Marchioness had never seen her, and had not yet seen the card, she was rather surprised; but after a few minutes' pause she was more or less interested in the whimsical novelist, and they chatted along for nearly an hour.

"Then Ouida rose, took her umbrella, started to go, and, changing her mind, sat down again, and told the Marchioness that if she would send for Lord Salisbury she would see him. This manner of asking for the Prime Minister of England as though he were kept on tap as it were, and ready to be produced at a moment's notice to any one who cared to drop in at Arlington street, was too much for the Marchioness. She would have stood anything but that; but she was the wife of a diplomat, and she told Ouida gravely that the Marquis had gone to Downing street and hence could not be seen. Thereupon the novelist expressed a slight regret, seized her umbrella and drifted out. That was a specimen of the way she passed her way in England. It is a curious thing, by the way, that a woman with such a wonderful fount of humor as Ouida displays in her little book, *A Rainy Month in June*, should be so utterly destitute of humor in her talk which are so prevalent in that old little book. By the way, before she left she announced that there was only one man in England who was worth looking at or talking to, and he was Oscar Wilde."

Bonaparte's Closeness.

Napoleon I. was a great admirer of Mlle. Georges, but by no means splendid in his liberality. One day, after alluding in terms of satisfaction to her performance on the preceding evening, he signified his intention of be-

stowing on her a mark of his approval, and asked her what she would like to have.

"Sire," she replied, "my great ambition is to possess a portrait of your majesty."

"Your wish is easily gratified," said the Emperor, with a smile. Putting his hand in his pocket, he presented her with the desired effigy in the shape of—not, as she probably expected, a miniature, enriched with diamonds, but—a five-franc piece!

Some Proverbs on Woman.

German—Listen to a woman's first opinion, but not her second.

French—A wife is a perpetual torment. A man of straw is worth as much as a woman of gold.

Spanish—Women, wind and fortune are changeable. If you have anything to proclaim in the open market, you need only repeat it to women and magpies. A woman's advice is of no account, but if you don't take it she calls you a fool. Be on your guard against a bad woman, and never trust a good one. There is only one bad wife, but every husband thinks he has got her.

Portuguese—Women are not wanted when they are present and are missed when they are absent.

American—Women can keep a secret, but it takes a lot of them to do it. Women paint to hide their blushes.

Italian—He who loses his wife and a brass farthing, has only lost the latter.

Chinese—A woman's tongue is her sword, and she never allows it to rust.

All nations agree in saying that "Woman marries in haste and repents at leisure."

A Sunday Pastoral.



Rev. Mr. Ruffin—If you don't kin't chu'e mo' reg'lar, you'll go ter der bad place, Job Whinders.

Job—Hol' on, pahson! I wuz 'gaged in ketchin' a chick'n fer yo' donation-paity terror.

Mr. Ruffin—Um-m-pah! 'a dat so? Well, p'raps we kin scotch yer a liddle in d' flames 'n luff yo' go; but be keeful, Job, be keeful.—Judge.

Traveling.

Among its many other distinctions the latter part of the nineteenth century may be aptly termed the age of travel. An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished nowadays by his dress just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. He will, generally speaking, be found wearing a suit of Scotch tweed or cheviot. The coat should be a three button cutaway, of the pattern ordinarily known as an English walking coat. The four button sack coat is also worn a great deal among travelers, it being an easy lounging and comfortable coat. The stock of Scotch tweeds and cheviot imports by the fashionable west end tailor this season is especially adapted for traveling purposes, and he invites his many patrons and friends generally to call and inspect his stock. He has also received a full assortment in light flannel goods for tennis wear, and which are now open for inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Toronto to Equal New York.

We are pleased to notice a marked improvement in King street, which has gained by the opening of the handsome retail seat establishment of the Steele Bros. Co. (limited), at Nos 130 and 132. Here are found palms, roses, and seeds of all descriptions; fountains, birds and everything to make the place still more beautiful, will be added. Toronto aristocracy will welcome such a bower of beauty.

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First Lady—Bonjour, Madame Stanislas, I am so glad to meet you, I wanted to speak to you so badly for some time past.

Mme. Stanislas—I am so sorry; you don't look well at all.

First Lady—Just so. I am disgusted with my bang and hair; I can't keep it in curls. Your bang is always curly and pretty and your hair so neat, that I must trouble you to ask how you manage it.

Mme. Stanislas—Why, with pleasure. Do you know Armand's Hair Store?

Mme. Stanislas—Well, it is No. 407 Yonge Street. There you will find the best stylish and cheapest hair goods in the city. Get an artificial bang like mine for the summer, and one of those wavy switches, and you will look better than I do.

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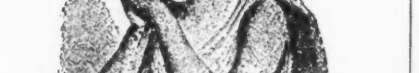
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THE DAY WILL COME.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vicen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER XXV.

"I saw her too," said Sarah Newton, into whose attentive ear he poured the story of Mercy's obstinacy. "She is a strange girl—a girl who could live in closest friendship with me all this time and never tell me the secret of her past life," said Miss Newton thoughtfully. "Why she should be so perverse in her refusal of Lord Cheriton's offer I can't imagine—but you may depend she has a reason."

Theodore escorted Lady Cheriton back to Dorsetshire by the afternoon train, but they parted company at Wexham Station, he going on to Dorchester, where his sisters received him with some wonderment at his readiness. "It is rather a farce for you and Mr. Ramsay to make engagements which you never mean to keep," said Sophia peevishly, and it was thereupon expounded to him that he and his friend had pledged themselves to be present at a certain tennis party upon the previous afternoon.

"I'm very sorry we both forgot all about it," he apologized, "but I don't suppose we were missed."

"I don't suppose you would have been," answered his sister sulkily, "if there had been half a dozen decent young men at the party; but as Harrington preferred the office to our society or our friends, and as there were only three curates and one banker's clerk at Mrs. Hazledean's, you and Mr. Ramsay would have been something."

"It is hardly worth any man's while to endure an afternoon's boredom—to fetch and carry teacups in a sweating sun, and play tennis upon an uneven lawn if he is only to count for something, a mere make weight."

"Oh, you young men give yourselves such abominable airs nowadays," retorted Sophia, with an air that implied that the young men of former generations had been modestly incarnate. "As for your friend, he has made a mere convenience of this house."

"As how, Sophy?"

"I don't think the fact requires explanation. First he goes to the Priory, and then to Cheriton, and then he is off to London, and then he is to be back on Saturday in order to lunch at the Priory on Sunday. If that is not making an hotel of your father's house, I don't know what is."

"Perhaps I have been too unceremonious, forgetting that I no longer live here, that it behooves me now, perhaps, to act in all things as a visitor. It was I who made the engagements, Sophy. You must not be angry with Ramsay."

"I am not angry. It cannot matter to me how Mr. Ramsay treats this house; no doubt he thinks himself a great deal too clever for our society, although he is even a little so. Feather-headed as most girls, he finds metal more attractive at the Priory."

"What do you mean, Sophy?"

"That he is over head and ears in love with Juanita. It does not need a very penetrating person to discover that."

"What nonsense. Why, he has not seen her above three times."

"Quite enough for a young man of his vehement character."

"What can have put such an idea into your head?"

"His way of talking about her—the expression of his face when he pronounces her name—the questions he asked about her, showing the keenest interest in even the silliest details. What kind of a girl was she before she married, and how long had she known Sir Godfrey before they were engaged, and had their love been a grand passion full of romance and poetry, or only a humdrum kind of affection encouraged by their mutual relations? Idiotic questions of that kind could only be asked by a man who was in love. And then how eagerly he snapped at your suggestion that he should go with you to the Priory next Sunday."

"It may be as you think," Theodore answered gravely. "I know his fervid temperament about most things; but I did not think he was the kind of man to fall in love—upon such very slight provocation."

"She may have given him more encouragement than you suppose," said Sophy. "He is the kind of man that a frivolous, half-educated girl would think of helping out of a rut, and which this competence would afford her; but she cut him short with an impatient movement of her head."

"Upon what ground does he base his generous offer?" she asked coldly.

"Upon the ground of his interest in your mother and yourself—an interest which it is only natural for him to feel in one who was brought up on his estate, and whose father was his friend. It may be also that he feels himself in some wise to blame for the great sorrow of your life."

"Tell him that I appreciate his noble contempt for money, his readiness to shed the unshining of his prosperity upon so remote an outcast as myself; but tell him also that I would rather starve to death, slowly in this room, than I would accept the price of a loaf of bread from his hands. Do not hesitate to tell him this in the plainest form of speech. It is only right that he should know the exact measure of my feelings towards him."

At her this Theodore could only bow to her decision and leave her.

"Lord Cheriton is my cousin, and a man whom I have every reason to regard with affection and respect," he began.

"She interrupted him sharply.

"He has never denied the cousinship, never treated you as the dirt under his feet—never looked down upon you from the altitude of his grandeur, with insufferable patronage—"

"Never. He has been most unaffectedly my friend ever since I can remember."

"Then you are right to think well of him—but you must let me have my opinion in peace, even although you are of his blood and I am—noting to him. Good-bye. Forgive me if I have been ungracious and ungrateful. I have no doubt you meant well by me—only I would so much rather be let alone. It did me no good to see Lady Cheriton yesterday. My heart was tortured by the memories her face recalled to me."

"She gave him her hand, the thin white hand, with taper fingers worn by constant work. It was a very pretty hand, and it lay in his strong grasp to-day for the first time, so reserved had been her former greetings and farewells. He looked at the delicate hand for a moment or two before he let it go, and then he turned upwards to the fair, finely cut face, and the large dark gray eyes. That look of his startled her, the hollow cheeks flushed, and the eyelids fell beneath his steady gaze."

"Good-bye, Mercy," he said gently, "let me call you Mercy, for the sake of the link between us—the link of common recollections, and the sad secrets of the past."

"Call me what you like. It is not very probable we shall meet often."

"You are very stubborn, cruel to yourself, and more cruel to those who want to help you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she echoed, almost in a whisper. He went out in the shabby street haunted by those sad, unlighted eyes, and the hollow cheeks faintly flushed with delicate bloom. How lovely she must have been in her dawning womanhood, and how closely she must have kept at home in the cottage by the west gate, seeing that she who had been so frequent a guest at Cheriton had never once met her there.

He was not satisfied to submit to this total failure of his mission without one further effort. He went from Hercules Buildings to Wedgewood street, and saw his admirable

old lines during the coming centuries the well-to-do will have to help the poor upon a stronger and wider basis than they have helped them in the past, and a good deal of the spare cash that is being spent on fine clothes and dinner parties will have to be spent upon feeding and housing the million."

The two young men drove over to Millbrook early on Sunday morning, in order to attend morning service at the picturesque old church. Matthew Dalbrook and his daughters were to join them at the Priory in time for luncheon, which was to be a regular family party.

Cuthbert was silent for the greater part of the drive, and Theodore was thoroughly observant of him. Yes, there might be something in Sophy's idea. More than once during that long drive the young man's face brightened with a sudden smile, a smile of ineffable happiness, as of a dreaming lover who sees the gates of his earthly paradise opened, sees his mistress coming to meet him on the threshold. Theodore's heart sank at the thought that Sophia had hit upon the truth. Any way there was hopelessness in the idea. If it were to be Theodore's blessed fate to see the one love of his life victorious, soon or later, after long patience and devoted sacrifice, Cuthbert must taste the bitterness of having loved in vain. But he would hardly be worthy of pity, perhaps, seeing that he had known from the first how the land lay, seeing that honor forbade his falling in love with Juanita.

But will honor make a man blind to beauty, deaf to the music of a voice, impervious to the subtle charm of all that is pure, best, and loveliest in womanhood? Theodore began to think that he had done wrong in bringing his friend within the influence of irresistible charms.

"I was a fool to think that he could help himself; I was a worse fool to suppose that she will ever care for me—the humdrum cousin whom she has known all her life—the country solicitor whose image she has always associated with leanness and bills of dilapidation—a little more than a bailiff, and a little less than a gentleman."

He disposed of the dog-cart to the village ostler, who was expiating the jovial self-indulgence of the Saturday night in the pent-tent sleepiness of Sunday morning, and they were in their places in the grey old church when Lady Carmichael came to the chancel pew. Theodore's watchful eyes followed her from her entrance in a halo of sunshine, which was suddenly obscured as the curtain dropped behind her, to the moment when she bowed her head in prayer. He had seen her face brighten as she passed the pew where his friend was sitting, and he told himself that it was Cuthbert's presence which conjured up that happier light in her soft, dark eyes. On the walk from the church to the Priory it was with Cuthbert she talked—Cuthbert the irrepressible, who had so much to say that he must needs find listeners. It was Cuthbert who sat next her at luncheon, and who engrossed her attention throughout the meal. It was Cuthbert who went through the hot-houses, fern-houses, and green-houses with her after luncheon, and gave her practical lessons in botany and entomology as they went along, and who promised her some Austrian frogs. The day was one long triumph for Cuthbert Ramsay, and he gave up any doubt in the intoxication of the hour as drunkard surrenders to strong drink, unconditionally, without thought of the morrow.

"What do you think of your friend's infatuation now?" asked Janet, with her most biting accent, as she followed him in the best procession through the houses, she carefully picking up her gown at everyone of those treacherous corner puddles which are to be found in the best regulated hot-houses. "Have you any doubt in the matter now?"

"No, I have no doubt."

"The carriages were at the door half-an-hour afterwards, and all through the homeward drive Cuthbert was silent as the grave. Only as they came into Dorchester did he find speech to say—

"I shall have to go back to town early to-morrow morning, Theodore!"

"So soon. What an unquiet spirit you are. You'll come back to us next Friday or Saturday, I hope?"

"I don't know. I'll try; but I'm rather afraid I can't."

Theodore did not press the point, and his friend kept his word, and left by the first train on Monday morning, after having been intolerably stupid on Sunday evening, according to the sisters, who were disposed to think themselves especially ill-used by Mr. Ramsay's obvious infatuation for Lady Carmichael.

"I was beginning to respect Juanita for her conduct in the difficult position of a young widow," said Sophia, "but I begin to fear that she is no better than the rest of them, and that her leaving off craze upon her last gowns is a meaner thing to me than to marry again before the second year of her widowhood is over."

Lady Cheriton's rose garden was in danger from a failure of the water in that old-fashioned well which had hitherto supplied the flower garden with water. The rose garden was a spell of dry weather since the beginning of July, and the gardeners were in despair. When Theodore went over to the Chase with his port-manteau, in accordance with an engagement made the previous week, he found that Lord Cheriton had that morning given an order for the sinking of the old well from twenty to thirty feet deeper.

"There is plenty of water, my lord," said the head gardener, "if we only go deep enough for it."

"Very well, Mackenzie, go as deep as you like, so long as you don't go below the water-bearing strata. You had better put on plenty of hands. Her ladyship is uneasy about her roses, seeing how you have been stinting them lately."

"It has been hard work, my lord, to do our duty by the roses, and keep the lawns in decent order. The ground would be as hard as iron if we didn't use a good deal of water for the grass."

"Get to work, Mackenzie, and don't waste time in talking about it. Drive over to Gadby's, and tell him to send some good men."

(To be Continued.)

His First Experience.

Rev. Mr. Blank, rector of a city parish, was in the office of a merchant not long after the latter had secured a telephone. Even to this day there are many people who have never used this modern distance annihilator, and the clergyman was curious. Making some remark about the convenience of the instrument, the merchant learned that he had never spoken through one of these things, and he was conversing with the railway freight shed, where there is a man driven almost crazy by day, and haunted by night by the sound of the telephone. When a business man talks to him he wastes no time or words. It can readily be imagined then that it was a very rash proceeding to venture to ring this individual up again, just to let a parson try the machine.

But the rector was in position and central he called the freight man again.

"What will I say?" nervously asked the parson of the merchant.

"Oh, anything," was the ready response.

"Hello! what do you want?" asked the freight agent.

"It's a fine day," timidly responded the parson.

"Go to—h—l, d—n you. Do you think I've got nothing else to do?"

The parson had too much of the telephone, and nobody knew for a long time why he dropped it so suddenly and moved away, as though all the electricity in the battery had got on to him.—*Electric Press.*

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exercise of raising one's self upon the toes leisurely in a perpendicular position several times daily. To take this exercise properly one must take a perfectly upright position, with the heels together and the toes at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then drop the arms listlessly by the sides, animating and raising the chest to its full capacity muscularly, the chin well drawn in, and the crown of the head feeling as if attached to a string suspended from the ceiling above. Slowly rise up on the balls of both feet to the greatest possible height, thereby exercising all the muscles of the legs and body; come again into standing position without swaying the body backward out of the perfect line. Repeat this same exercise, first on one foot, then on the other. It is wonderful what a straightening-out power this exercise has upon round shoulders and crooked backs, and one will be surprised to note how soon the lungs begin to show the effect of such expansive development.

The Truant.

I tarried in dreamland this morning, and lo, I saw on a cloud that hung over the west Some school children romping with faces aglow. On their wind-drifted campus with juvenile zest.

Their laughter rang out and was borne to my ear, As they ran with light step o'er the vaporous plain, And the sound of their voices, so bell like and clear, Brought me back to the days of my childhood again.

But I started at a gasp and cried out in surprise, When the bright-link of picture swung nearer to view, And I saw, through the tears that welled up to my eyes, The mates of my youth in that rollicking crew.

There was Tom, my old seat-mate, his face brimming o'er, With the mischief that lurked in his brown, curly hair, And good Godfrey Hill, and old Bobbly Moore, And Jerry and Byron and brave-hearted Fred.

And there with the rest was my twin-brother Ben, Who fell at Ball's in the thick of the fight, And sweet Nettie Chase, looking rosy as when We found a red ear at this bustling that night.

And now came the teacher, with time fro-ded hair, And the old, kindly gleam in his sober, gray eyes, And thou I, thinking sunnily ran out on the air, And the group disappeared there a rift in the skies.

'Tis the breakfast bell ringing—I wake with a sigh, To recall what lessons of infinite worth My schoolmates are learning, up there in the sky, While I'm "playing hooky" down here on the earth.

The Wrong Mule.

One day as we were sitting on the tavern verandah at Gadsden a colored man rode up on a mule and hitched him to a post in rear of the court house. The man then crossed to a saloon and was absent twenty minutes. While he was gone a white man rode upon another mule and hitched the animal to the next post. The colored man saw only the one mule, and he walked directly up to the white man's. He then asked him to go and hitch his mule in the body with both heels, rolling him over and over into the ditch. By the time he got up we got down, and after gazing at the kicker for half a minute he turned to us with:

"Gent'len, did dat ar' mawl kick me?"

"He did."

"Ar' he a smallish mawl, wid one ear dun cut off at de end?"

"No. The mule you rode up on is beyond him."

He went over to see, and after inspecting the animal for a minute or two he returned with a grin on his face and said:

"I got hold of de wrong mawl, but I ze mighty tickled about it. When I walked up to dat odder beast an' he let loose on me I was in a fix. I knowed dat I was either drunk or had made a mistake in de animal, an' sich a feelin' cum over me dat I couldn't hardly git up."

But suppose you had been drunk?

"Dat's it, sah. All I had was fo' cents wuth o' mightry pore whiskey, an' if dat was 'nuff to fetch me den I would know dat I had dun broke down an' gin out an' was about ready to die. Gent'len, I ze all right up to de futerous time. I was simply tryin' to remember to git de ole woman some saleratus, an' I distinguished de wrong mawl!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Teach Your Boys to Aspire.

Much prosy advice is bestowed on boys and young men that never gets beyond the drums of their ears. One of the most useful ideas you can introduce in a young head is that its owner is bound to make his mark in the world if he chooses to try. Teach him that it depends solely upon himself whether he soars above the dead level of mediocrity or not, whether he crawls or flies. Give him as far as possible confidence in his own inherent capabilities. Argue that he has the same faculties by which others have risen to distinction, and that he has only to cultivate them and apply in their exercise that mighty propulsive agent, a determined will, in order to rise. Did him shoot

his arrows, not at the horizon, but the zenith. A boy who sets out in life with the Presidency in his eye, although he may fall short of the mark, will be pretty sure to reach a higher position than if his ambition had been limited to the office of town constable or a tide-waiter's berth in the custom house.

This is not a land where poverty is a serious impediment to advancement. Very few of our millionaires were born with gold spoons in their mouths, and several of the most distinguished of our statesmen earned their bread in early life by the sweat of their brows. Fortune's gifts are wrung from her in this country by heads and hearts that know no such word as fail, and fame has no special favors for the silk-stocking class. Action, says Aristotle, is the essence of oratory, but it is more true that energetic will is the soul of success. The best temporal advice a father can give a son is "aspire."

"Boy, let the eagle's flight ever be thine, Onward and upward and true to the line."

The Academician and the Bull.

A New Version of an Old Story.



The Bull.—Here's a chance to elevate Art!

The Bull.—Take it away, Pard—I'm paralyzed!—Puck.

Further Investigation.

A well-known citizen who is a wag in his way, was standing on the east portico of the City Hall the other day when a colored man came up and inquired:

"Boss, kin you dun tôle me if dis ar' de place whar dey pay taxes?"

"I can. This is the place where they used to pay taxes, but you won't have to pay any this year."

"Hu! Cost me fo' dollars last year."

"Yes, but you needn't pay any this year."

"Why?"

"Owing to the subservency of the syndicate, the city has decided to emulate the consanguinity of the reflection and remit the taxes of all poor men."

The colored brother scratched his head and scraped his foot for a moment and then said:

"Boss, it may be all right, but I'll go inside and see. If it substantiates de propaganda, den I was very much obliged. If de investigation opiniates de sublimity, den I'll know you was fooling de ole man, an' de first time I hev a load of ole cans an' bottles to draw off I'll dump it in yo' alley, suah!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A city man is credited with the idea of calling a newspaper "The Umbrella." He thinks everybody would take it.

The Order of Medjeh

You have often asked me why I never married, and the question was one I did not feel I could answer. But somehow to-night, as I sat over the smouldering embers of the fire, with the rain beating on the windows, and the wind sobbing around the house, there seems to be an irresistible impulse obliging me to speak.

I believe there is some unseen connection between the other world and this, and often feel the presence of those who have passed away. There are times, like to-night, when the air is full of their subtle influence, and I can almost see the shadowy forms passing and repassing, and hear the murmur of voices long stilled, and at such times one seems compelled almost to open the inmost recess of one's heart as I do to you now.

Many years ago, as you know, I was an attaché at the legation in Constantinople. Young, moderately good looking, and with plenty of money, I was at once launched into the midst of the European society that is always there. The members of the various legations, attachés, etc., form one of the gayest and most brilliant coteries in the world. I plunged into the vortex of this society with all the zeal of a novice, and enjoyed it to the fullest extent, but something, perhaps the recollection of my mother, kept me out of any of the compromising intrigues in which most of my friends were engaged. Constantinople is the very home and birthplace of intrigue, the customs of its society, the women veiled and kept away from the world, tend to encourage it.

The glance of a bright eye from a guarded carriage, the wave of a white hand stealthily managed so as not to attract the watchful eye of the guard, has a meaning and suggestion in it that would never be thought of anywhere else. The sense of mystery about the inside of a harem gives a young man a longing to fathom it, and he goes to any length to get inside one, and always finds plenty of chances to try, as the women are constantly on the lookout for good looking, adventurous spirits with whom to exchange smiles and glances, and often lure them on to danger and death. The air was full of rumors, and occasionally some one you knew or had seen was suddenly missed. He was gone. Where? Only the eunuchs and the Bosphorus could tell.

Of course I had my share of soft glances from half-veiled beauties, as they passed in their carriages, and a rose was often dropped over the shoulder of some one walking, as an invitation to follow her, but beyond a nod and smiles I never went.

It was our custom to go every Friday to the Sweet waters of Europe, where the sultan, court, and all the wealth and fashion of Constantinople went after the mosque, and where the most brilliant and rarest scenes in the world can be witnessed. Every harem in Constantinople was represented. There were hundreds of carriages full of ladies in every style of beauty, with mounted escorts of soldiers and eunuchs alone, according to their rank. So thickly were they piled that it served rather to enhance than conceal their good looks, as they cast side glances at the young men who lined the roads as they passed. These were always returned with interest.

There is no place in the world where such a showy display of costumes and uniforms can be seen—European, Turks, Arabs, Sheikhs, Albanians, Greeks, Syrians—in the gayest and most brilliant robes, lining the drives for miles, smiling, ogling, and flirting with the occupants of the seemingly endless procession of carriages as much as they dared to under the watchful eyes of the scowling eunuchs.

Going often, and sauntering through the alleys with my gay companions, I came to notice a lady whose perfectly appointed equipage and splendid escort showed her to be one of the women of the sultan himself. Her perfect Circassian face, with the great, black, melancholy eyes, began to make a deep impression on me, and I found myself waiting for Friday and the opportunity of seeing her again. I knew that she had noticed me, for a quick glance and a flush of her face told me that, and I showed myself more and more conspicuously every time. The time began to seem endless, and many a night did I lie awake thinking of her, fancying that she had noticed and was watching for me, and that she gave me a smile and glance in passing. Once my ardor outran my prudence, and I went so near her carriage that the eunuchs angrily ordered me back. I became moody and unhappy. My friends rallied me on my changed appearance, insisting that there was a woman in the case, and trying every means to find out who it was. The next time I saw her she made an almost imperceptible sign, and dropped something from the carriage that I picked up and found to be a piece of paper folded in the smallest possible compass, on which was written, in French: "Be more careful; you are watched." I put away the paper in a whirl of delight. Of course, she had noticed and was interested in me or she would not care. All she had to do, had my attentions annoyed her, was to have her guards take me in charge.

So time went on, and I became listless and miserable, spending hours brooding over the situation, and trying to devise some means of meeting her, until, at last, my chief said: "You are not well, and had better have a change." But still I lingered on. At last one day a note was dropped near me that said: "Be at the east gate of the seraglio to-night at nine. I have bribed a slave to admit you." You can fancy how long the time seemed. I was almost beside myself. At the appointed time I found a fat, black slave waiting for me. Laying his finger on his lips, he motioned for me to follow him, which I did, to a *kiosk* in a secluded part of the garden, and there found her waiting. Words fail to describe her beauty and gracious charm of manner, and if I had been in love with an ideal before I was still more so with the reality. She told me her story. How unhappy and closely watched she was; how she had noticed and admired me from the first, and that, noticing my changed, unhappy looks, she had braved everything to meet me. After an hour, that seemed only a minute, we parted. Two or three times after this we had these stolen, delightful meetings. The sense that danger was near us only made them the more enjoyable. At last she said that we must not meet again, as she was sure that we were suspected and watched. Putting a ring on my finger, and telling me that, come what would, she would always love and remember me, we parted. Heart broken, my life dragged on in a listless way. I gave up society and spent hours brooding over my unhappy fate, and devising ways and means to meet her again, but all to no purpose.

Some weeks later I was at the old place when she drove by with a little girl of five or six in the carriage, who laughed and played, enjoying the gay scene. She looked pale and anxious, while the guard and the eunuchs looked blacker and more forbidding than ever. She gave me a sad smile in passing, but I dared not show that I saw it, and stood dreaming at the place the carriage had passed, until suddenly a great commotion arose in the grounds, and looking, I saw that her horses had taken fright and were running away, scattering the crowd in every direction, spilling the eunuchs as they ran. It was the work of a moment to run across the flower-beds and through the grove to a place they must pass, and I was just in time to catch the bridle of the nearest one as he passed and hold on. They kicked and plunged, carrying me with them, until at last her escort came up and succeeded in stopping them. I had a faint recollection of seeing her jump from the carriage and come toward me, and knew no more.

When I came to myself it was in a splendidly furnished room, with doctors and nurses standing around, and I found that my arm and leg were broken, besides being bruised all over. The physicians forbade my talking, but I found out that the lady was safe, also the little girl, who was the Sultan's daughter. Under the influence of opiates my bones were set, and I afterward lay between sleeping and waking, too exhausted to stir, until suddenly a pair of

arms around my neck and warm kisses on my face brought me back to consciousness, and I found that my love had eluded her guards and found me. She sobbed out her sorrows in my ears. Her slave had confessed our stolen meetings, and all was known. She said I had saved her life for a death more terrible. In helpless agony I lay there unable even to counsel her. The door opened and her eunuch came in with two mutes, one carrying a silken bow-string. She clutched me convulsively, begging me to save her. As they tore her away she pressed her lips to mine in one last kiss, and dragging her out of the room, her cries soon died away in a gurgling groan.

I made a desperate effort to jump out of bed and follow them, but fainted, and for weeks, as I was told afterward, hovered between life and death. Thanks to a good constitution, life won, and at last I became strong enough to be moved. Soon after my recovery the sultan sent me the Order of the Medjeh, in diamonds, for my bravery of saving his daughters' life, with a hint that the climate of Constantinople did not agree with me. So I resigned and came home, and you know how my life has passed since. The remembrance of her love has never left me; her last kiss still lingers on my lips that no other woman has ever touched, and the sound of her dying groans always rings in my ears. I know she is ever near me, and I hope the time is not far distant when we will be together for eternity. You will find in a little bag I always wear around my neck and scraps of paper she gave me. That I was buried with me. And now you know the secret of my lonely, saddened life.

He Was Mistaken.

A man with fire in his eyes and his fists doubled up was prancing around on Monroe avenue yesterday when a policeman halted him with:

"Are you looking for anybody in particular?"

"I should remark that I was! I'm going to smash a fellow's head the minute I find him!"

"What for?"

"He called me a crank, and I don't take that from anybody."

"I suppose you know the definition of the term?"

"You bet I do! It means a fellow who will walk into a saloon where five or six of his friends are and drink alone. I have never done it in my life, and I'll allow no man to impeach my honor."

The officer explained the term as generally understood, and the man replied:

"Is that possible! Well, then, I won't smash him. I must post up on some of these things before I get into trouble."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Hard Heart Softened.

Young Lady—Father, this is scandalous! The idea of a man of your standing coming home in this condition! (hic) help it, m' dear. Met see young feller I wouldn't let you marry, an' (hic) had some drinks wiz him, and he's such good feller I said he (hic) could marry you right off, m' dear.

"Mercy! Where is he?"

"Dunno, m' dear. Policeman took 'im off (hic) in wheelbarrow."

It is all Right.

"I think I dropped a letter into a mail the other day without stamping it," said a man at the post office as he called for the chief clerk.

"If you did it has gone to the Dead Letter office."

"Has, eh? You must have known that it was a mistake."

"Yes."

"And you ought to have held it for inquiry?"

"We have our rules."

"And they are mighty impudent rules, let me tell you! The post office department needs overhauling, and I'll help to see it done!"

The next day the man returned, this time with a smile on his face, and said:

"You remember I was speaking about an unstamped letter?"

"Yes."

"I was much put out."

"Yes."

"Well, I want to apologize. That letter was directed to an acquaintance. In it I called him a liar and a horse-thief. Last night I found out that I was mistaken. He hasn't got the letter and won't get it, and so won't know anything about it. The post office department is all right. Rules are all right. Clerks are all right. Have a cigar and press on to promotion and increased salary."—*Detroit Free Press.*

He Was Excused.

"Excuse me," he said as he bit off the end of a cigar and held out his hand to secure a light from the other, who was smoking.

"Beg pardon."

"I said excuse me."

"Oh, certainly. Always willing to excuse."

And he took the fresh cigar, lighted it, threw his old stub away, and as he began on the new one he walked off with the remark:

"Very good cigar, sir—very good. Of course I'll excuse you."

Shop Etiquette.

A prominent leader of fashion in London (the wife of a duke well known in sporting circles) having occasion to return an article she had bought at a large drapery establishment, was asked by the polite and mellifluous floor walker: "Which of our gentlemen had the honor of serving your grace?"

The lady looked at him with a mischievous

Country And City.



Miss Sheafe—Ah, look at the wheat rising and falling yonder in the breeze! How beautiful! Mr. Weetpit—Ah, but you ought to see it rising and falling in the Produce Exchange.—*Puck.*

twinkle in her eyes, and indicating a certain assistant, replied diffidently and modestly: "Well, sir, I am not quite sure, but I rather think it was that nobleman with the bald head."

Choosing a Profession.

Pretty Girl—I have called, sir, to ask if I am beautiful enough for the stage?

Theatrical Manager (kindly)—No-o, my child, yours is not a good stage face; but don't despair. You would be a brilliant success as a type writer.

Cause and Effect.

Enamored Youth—Your father seems worried about something to-night.

Sweet girl—Yes, poor pa, has so many business cares.

Little Brother—That ain't it. He's mad because the big dog he bought didn't come.

Successful Physicians.

Doctor's Wife—I understand that Dr. Careall confines himself strictly to office practice.

Old Doctor—Yes; that is why he succeeds. People who are able to walk to an office are generally strong enough to get well without help.

Literary.



Miss Ritta—Aren't you fond of dialect poetry, Mr. Drestbeeph?

Mr. Drestbeeph (of the Chicago Browning Society)—Well, James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field do very well; but I came across some poems by a fellow named Chaucer the other day, and he carries it too far.—*Life.*

Science Halts.

Layman—I understand that you have devoted your life to the study of disease germs?

Great Scientist (proudly)—I have.

Layman—Have you found a remedy for any of them?

Great Scientist—Well, no; but I have succeeded in finding good long names for them all.

Dress Makes the Man.

Customer—See here! I've only worn these pants one day, and they already bag at the knees.

Dealer—Yah, das was recht. Dose is our patent knee-stretching pants vat make effery gustomer of ours look like a literary man.

See? You wear dose pants, mien frient, and folks take you vor Charles Dickens or Shakespeare.

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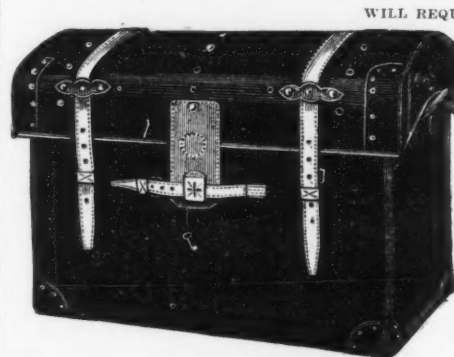
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Noted People.

President Carnot of France strongly favors capital punishment.

The Empress of Germany has received a necklace valued at \$150,000, the gift of the Sultan of Turkey.

The Emperor of Germany, it is said, does not intend to pay a visit to London during his stay in England.

The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott of Abbotsford, is preparing for the press some unpublished journals of her great-grandfather, Sir Walter Scott.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland is going abroad in June, and is said to have accepted a position in a young women's boarding school in London.

Lord Tennyson is now in much better health than for a long time past. The question as to who his successor in the laureateship will be furnishes a theme for much speculation. Though the duties of the laureate are not onerous, his equal as a poet has not yet turned up.

It is said that M. Gounod, the composer, who is a man of intense religious convictions, once spent an hour upon his knees praying for the conversion of Sarah Bernhardt, in that lady's presence. Sarah's response was short but not very sweet, and at last she had to turn him out of her house.

Lady Colin Campbell is about to publish a novel which is expected to create a sensation, as it is said that not only will certain literary and political circles be portrayed but that certain prominent people will be sketched with sufficient accuracy to be recognized by those familiar with them. Lady Colin is spoken of as a delightful writer.

There is a little green mound and humble marble slab in a secluded corner of Otterbein Cemetery, about twelve miles north of Columbus, Ohio, which marks the grave of the author of that famous ballad, Darling Nellie Gray. A visitor to that spot learns from the inscription on the stone that it is the last resting place of Benjamin Russell Hanby.

With a touch of, perhaps, unintentional satire, Lady Randolph Churchill, in complimenting Russian ladies upon their brilliant conversational and social talents, says that their society acts like a tonic upon minds accustomed to the moral and physical fogs of London. Can Lady Randolph mean mental and physical, or is her estimate of the morals of Mayfair really as low as it would seem?

Among the Queen's birthday presents this year was a bouquet of orchids of such rare and beautiful species, that its value—although not a very large posy—was something enormous. One authority declares that this bunch of flowers was priced at two thousand pounds! Anyway, it pleased the Queen immensely, for Her Majesty likes orchids and is by no means insensible to the gratification of receiving gifts beyond purchase for an ordinary birthday heroine.

Speaking of the Prince of Wales an American newspaper man now in London says: "Personally there is not a better fellow walking on Broadway. He is an all-around man, and his accurate knowledge of all sorts of subjects is simply phenomenal. Talk with him on yachting, hunting, sport of any kind, the theater, current literature or art, and he is thoroughly posted. Home and foreign politics he has at his fingers' ends, and he knows what is going on all over the world. He would make an ideal editor. He's an indefatigable worker and he'd be a whole staff in himself."

Count Tolstoi, the Russian author, like Mark Twain, can't write in a fixed-up room. His study is devoid of carpets, paintings or statuary. An old lounge, two unpretentious tables littered with manuscripts of all kinds, and two stiff-backed chairs constitute the only furniture in the room. The room is divided into two compartments by an unpainted wooden partition, which runs half way up to the ceiling, and from which depend two wooden rakes—used by Tolstoi in his garden. In one corner stands a wooden spade—above it, hanging from a wooden peg, Tolstoi's great overcoat.

An English paper recalls the following story of an ex-Governor-General: Lord Dufferin, to whom such a brilliant reception was given the other day in the city, is one of the few English noblemen who can justly lay claim to the possession of that most valuable of gifts—tact. Tact he has, and the Canadians still laugh over a little incident that brought that quality to the fore while he was their Governor-General. The fishery difficulty was at that time a burning question between Canada and the United States and just then they were coming dangerously near to blows. Lord Dufferin chose this moment for paying a friendly visit to the States, where he soon contrived to win golden opinions on all sides. Upon his return, Canadian politicians flocked eagerly around him, inquiring what the Americans had said about the fisheries. The Governor-General looked at them in profound astonishment, and solemnly replied, "Fisheries! You do not suppose I went there to discuss fisheries? Gentlemen, I assure you, so careful was I to avoid the very name that, during the whole time I was in the States, I declined taking fish at dinner."

Lord Dufferin was just fitted up a most interesting room in his house with a collection of the valuable curiosities gathered by him and Lady Brassey during their voyage around the world in the Sunbeam. The decorations and panelings of the room are made of sandal wood and teak. The room is deliciously fragrant, while the subdued colors of the walls and aisles form a beautiful background. The collection of shells and seaweed and treasures of the deep is perhaps the most interesting of all, and the electric light is arranged so as to shine behind large pieces of coral, delicate shells and transparent seaweed, giving them a peculiarly beautiful and fairylike appearance. The wonderful feather cloak given to Lady Brassey in the Sandwich Islands is also exhibited, the only other one in existence being the one given to Captain Cook, and now in the British Museum. The museum is intended to be a memorial of Lady Brassey, who collected most of the things, which she always hoped some day to have gathered together in London, where they would be an interest and amusement to many people—rich and poor—to whom she was so good a friend.

A Study in Black and White.

For Saturday Night.

Did any of the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT ever attempt the study of the manifold peculiarities of those ebony essences of politeness, the porters on a first class train? If not, they should, for there are dark fields to be explored, and the performance is sure to prove highly interesting. With Stanley hunting for something unknown to the world generally, but mighty apt to be beneficial to Stanley; with Stevens hunting Stanley, and the New York World hunting notoriety aided by Stanley, Stevens, and circumstances, African exploration is certainly in order, and there are portions of Africa to be found on the different railways that will give an ordinary person all the exploring he can attend to without neglecting his other business. These Afro-Canadian officials are a marvel. Where they get their inexhaustible stock of politeness and even temper has always been a puzzle to me, and how they get it inside of their clothes without crowding out the rest of 'em is a still greater one. Ask one of them anything you will, no matter whether he, or for that matter you, know what the question means, and it's ten to one the answer will be "Yes sah," accompanied with an inimitable sort of salute known only to your polite negro. He may vary the reply, but only to "Yes, madam," when the salute is still more pronounced. In fact they have a stock of graded salutes, according to sex, rank, or appearance—if the latter happens to be rank it is a jerk that takes the nerve out of a man as quick as a hangman's rope. They are wonderful judges of character, and can hit a fellow-creature's weak spot with an accuracy that would put Cupid to the blush, and they are, withal, as urbane as a Chinese idol. If you think an Ethiopian can't change his spots, notice him when he spots your fancied weak points and finds out he's made a mistake—he can change spots, or anything but a quarter of a dollar after he's brushed you down in the morning. And then the magnificent manner in which he magnetizes you for 25c. worth after he has given the last flourish with his brush. He never says a word except, "Thank you, sah," and he has to say that nine times out of ten attempts. He comes with a hardly perceptible flash to the "ready," as the brush makes the last sweep; but he never extends his hand until you offer the quarter. That would be altogether bad form. He just looks at you with a look that burns the fact into your soul that you're a "Geman if you do, and you're no good if you don't;" and if the quarter is not yielded up, you go away feeling mean all through, and if you give it to him—he earned it. He made up your berth, cleaned your boots properly, rubbed you down in the morning and attended to all your wants, or would have done so had you asked him, and done it pleasantly, and the quarter is richly deserved. He is great on any of the short runs, but he is a tonic on an extended trip, say across the continent. Before you have journeyed two days with him

know about them. Something in the grass no doubt, so to speak, "brought back his bunny to him," for presently he began and unfolded a tale about rabbits and their ways the like of which was never dreamed of by the most rabid romancer that ever burrowed into the mysteries of nature. Everything was warren-ted too, and as he waxed eloquent upon "de length ob dere years, an' how skeerful dey were," etc., I just drew a picture of a pair of his rabbits for the benefit of science.

"I've dot a pitter-book 'bout 'tittle Yed Yiding-hood an' a woof."

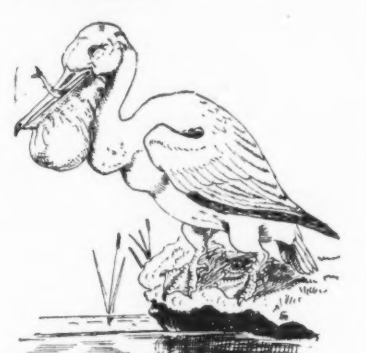
He made no effort to keep the wolf from the door but welcomed him in to entertain his wee white lamb forthwith, and smoothly as oil he switched off from rabbit to wolf and drew a glowing picture of the prairie prowler, dilating upon its sagacity and "lowin' dat yo' nebbber trap one ob dem no how, dey was so ter'ble crafty."



Once again a thumb-nail sketch secured the undying image of the wolf as painted by the master hand, and then I waited for more. I had not long to wait. A great white bird with ebony pinions rose from a small lake and flapped heavily away to a quieter locality.

"Kwick, Miss Lily, look out dar! See dat burd? Dat's a pelly-kun!"

Then followed another eloquent dissertation upon the craftiness and peculiarities of the pelican. How he was an astute fowl that never checked his valise but always carried it with him; how he sat by the lake and grabbed unwary fish, eat what he could and packed away the balance in his "grip" for another time, and a lot more interesting things, calculated to fill the child with delight and Ananias with an undying envy.



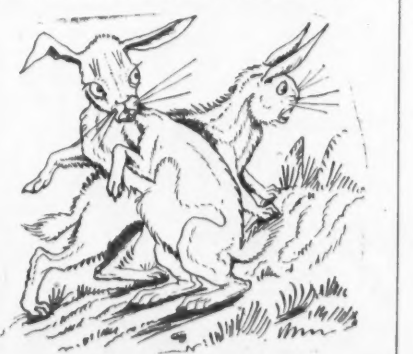
At a little way-side station a cowboy rode up upon a lively mustang and the sight of him evidently turned the sable oracle's thoughts into another channel, for as soon as we were fairly under weigh he rode a race with fancy and detailed an old-time experience of his, before cowboys had got used to covered porters.

"Dey am ter'ble, shuah 'nuff! One' trowed his lasso to me once, jus' fo' a lark, an' drug me cl'ar across de prairie. Doant yo' nebbber marry no cowboy, Miss Lily, doant yo', hones', dey ain't fit to live, dey ain't!"



he's your grandfather, or your uncle, or whoever has your well-fare most at heart, he knows just what you like and just what you don't like, and you'll have one or other, with a certainty of the former, if you treat him half decently. On such trips there are sure to be children aboard, and with them he is omnipotent, a pillar of cloud by day to guide them aright, and he can tell the youngsters more yarns than could be unravelled out of sixteen pairs of old socks. His sweetness of temper and smooth way of doing things fascinate the little ones in brief order and they stick to him like flies to black molasses. I took observations of the proceedings of one of these gentlemen not long since and derived a heap of fun out of the experience. A little girl was his special charge, and at first she was very restless and troublesome, but after he once brought his mesmerism to bear she was perfectly enchanted.

He was a fountain of the knowledge her young soul thirsted for and after the first taste she drank eagerly. I confess that this particular fountain "played a bit," as fountains are wont to do, but it scored an unqualified success to the intense satisfaction of the entire car.



"I dot a pet wabbit at 'ome!" "Deed yo' has, Miss Lily, deed yo' has." "Tell me story about wabbits." Then he looked out over the boundless prairie while he mused on what he might happen to



And so it went on until finally the end of our trip was reached. The child was packed so full of interesting information that I doubt if they ever got her clothes off whole, though certainly "whole cloth" had been the rule. She cried lustily when she parted with her counsellor and friend, and the last seen of him he was leaning resignedly upon a handy support, with a well earned guerdon in his pocket and one of Lily's father's cigars between his teeth, possibly cogitating upon the chances for the homeward journey. His trip was done, and his duty likewise up to date.



He had simply completed a trip, had made himself as useful and agreeable as his fraternity always do, and cared not a rap what came next. They are wonderful fellows these porters.

ED. W. SANDYS.

After the Reception.



Miss Edgewood—Do you remember what Dolly Farren had on, Tom? Her Brother—No; couldn't make out whether it was a love affair with Jensen or just a flirtation with me.—Judge.

Art and Artists.

The exhibitions are now over, and I fear that many of our artists still have much of their work on their hands. Art, to a certain extent, brings its own reward; but it brings it to the artist's soul. While, however, that soul still sojourns in "the clay of this earthly tabernacle," a more substantial return is demanded of art than mere pleasure. Even the greatest genius has found it necessary to give all his time to art in order to achieve the highest results. Much more necessary is it then that mediocrity have no avocation if it would produce good work. Therefore, if we would have good art, we must give the artist the means of living in exchange for the product of his skilled hand and brain—not ask him to keep a grocery for a living and paint nice pictures for us to look at after hours.

A great many intelligent people do not know a good picture when they see it. For this they are not more to be blamed than an artist is for not knowing the best kind of soil for raising pumpkins. But it makes them timid in art and when in a gallery of paintings they are chary of treading on dangerous ground. It also tends to make them fight shy of home-made work and with that peculiar, paradoxical idea that everything difficult to obtain is more valuable than that which lies to one's hand, they go abroad, buy a manufactured "old master" at an enormous figure and lug it home to paralyze their envious neighbors and friends. Meanwhile good local work goes begging.

I hear that Mr. Paul Peel has two small but excellent pictures in the Salon this year. One is a nude study and the other, entitled *Que la Vie est Amere*, shows the interior of an artist's studio with a long bearded old man, palette and maul stick in hand, peering round his canvas where he discovers his last model weeping bitterly. The model is a little boy of five years who has been posing nude for Cupid. Mr. Peel and our other artists abroad are to be warmly congratulated on the success of their work this year.

Mr. John Tenniel, the veteran cartoonist of *Punch*, has been giving his opinion of the late John Bright, physiognomically considered. No artist has drawn the late statesman's face and figure oftener than Tenniel, his first picture of Bright being drawn thirty-four years ago. He says: "Mr. Bright had very fine eyes and a grand, powerful mouth, as well as a most intellectual one, but his nose was weak. The whole head was full of character, but in that respect it was not nearly so strong as Mr. Gladstone's."

Whether the story is manufactured out of whole cloth or not, I cannot say, but I read that the tailors of London have concluded that the Royal Academicians do not know how to properly portray a sitter's clothes. Incredible as it may seem they assert that last year Mr. Poynter did a portrait of the Earl of Harewood showing "an outside breast pocket on the right side of his coat." The "style, fit and fashioning" of the clothes are unmercifully pulled to pieces and in only one or two pictures, they say, can the materials be recognized. The Academy totters.

Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith's paintings have been on exhibition at the Canadian Institute this week. Mr. Smith wishes to dispose of them before setting out for Paris.

I see that Queen Victoria's selection of the sculptor Boehm for a baronetcy has given much offence to some of the English artists. They accuse him of subordinating his knowledge of art to producing things to suit the Queen.

VAN.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.

Scintillate, scintillate, globe vivifie;
Fain would I fathom thy nature specific,
Loftily poised in ether capacious,
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.

When Torrid Phoebus refuses his presence,
And ceases to lamp us with fierce incandescence,
Then you illumine the regions supernal—
Scintillate, scintillate, semper nocturnal.

Then the victim of hopeless peregrination
Gratefully hails your minute consolation;
He could not determine his journey's direction
But for your bright, scintillating protection.

A New Light on the Subject.

A widow whose husband had lost his life in a railway accident received from the company 10,000 francs by way of compensation. Shortly afterwards she heard that a traveler who had lost a leg on the same occasion had been paid 20,000 francs. The widow at once put on her

bonnet and shawl and trotted off to the offices of the company.

"Gentlemen, how is this?" she said. "Here you give 20,000 francs for a leg, and you have only allowed me 10,000 for the loss of my husband."

"Madame," replied one of the clerks, "the reason is quite plain; 20,000 francs won't provide the poor man with a new leg, whereas for 10,000 you can any day get another husband, perhaps a better one."

The lady, who is still young, after a moment's silent reflection walked away apparently satisfied.

Experientia Docet.

Douglas Mactervish—Sandy, remember this, mon. Honesty is aye the best policy.

Sandy—How do ye know, Douglas Mactervish?

Douglas Mactervish—I hae tried baith.

Funny Fragments.

"Is your father a man of sedentary habits?" "Sedentary? Well, I rather fancy he is. He sits on me every time he sees me!"

Rev. Primrose—There is always room at the top, my young friend.

Little Johnnie—Yes, sir. In your case there is room for hair.

Two lovers at parting:
He—Shall you remain true to me, my love, till I return?

She—Ye-e-es; but come back soon!

Diffident Lover—I know that I am a perfect bear in my manner.

She—Sheep, you mean. Bears hug people—you do nothing but bleat!

Bridget—Enjoy slape, is it? The minute I lay down I'm asleep, and the minute I'm awake I have to get up. Where's the time for enjoying slape to come in I'd like ye to tell me?

"I suppose you find this to be a hard, hard world, do you not?" she said, as she gave the tramp a loaf of stale bread.

"Yes'm," answered the tramp, trying to make a dent in the loaf with his knife; "but we frequently strike things that are harder."

She got there—(Elsie and Charlie are out walking).

Elsie—Oh, I feel sick; I am going to faint!

Charlie—Oh, my! What will I do if you do?

Elsie (feebly)—Carry me into that caramel store. (Faints).

"Did your son take a degree in college?" said a gentleman to a lady who was enthusiastically praising the ability of her offspring.

"No, indeed, he didn't," she replied, with pride. "He didn't take anything. He is the healthiest boy you ever saw."

Mrs. A. (continuing the discussion)—And, pray what age were you, Major B., when you were married?

Major B.—Really, my dear madam, I do not remember with any exactness, but I certainly had not yet reached the age of discretion.

Muttonhead—Do you know why Harvard College is the greatest repository of learning in the country?

Smith—No, dear boy. Why?

Muttonhead—Because everybody takes a little knowledge there and nobody yet has ever been known to carry any away. See?

Freddie—Papa, what does "filly" mean?

Papa (willing to give the boy a lift)—A young mare, Freddie.

Freddie—Well, then, what do they call a young cow, papa?

Papa (slightly staggered)—Oh! Ah! a—er—filly de beef.

Bagley—I saw a melancholy sight a few days ago, a messenger boy standing pensively on a street corner.

Fox—That's nothing.

Bagley—No; but some one had hung on the boy's back a sign that read: "Will move about July 1."

She ordered a fowl for a grand dinner and made the cook bring his purchase for her inspection. She examined it, tossed her head discontentedly and said:

"It is a poor-looking thing!"

"Oh, mum!" said the cook, "when it is fixed up with truffles it will look entirely different. Just like when you put on your diamonds, mum!"

Mr. Banks—Come into this drug store, Harriet, and let's have a glass of soda water.

Mrs. B.—I will, if you promise not to wink. I know what that means, you know.

"All right. I promise."

Mrs. Banks (after leaving the drug store)—What was that spiritus frumentum that you had, George?

"Spiritus frumentum! That's the Latin for raspberry and cream."

Young Actress (seized with stage fright)—Oh! oh! I'm afraid to go on.

Manager (reassuringly)—Oh, it's all right, my dear; don't trouble about the audience. No one will see you.

"They won't."

"No; there is a large and fashionable wedding party in one of the grand tier boxes, and they're sure to monopolize every one's attention this evening."

A young dude bargained for and got a light-colored spring overcoat for \$4, and walked out of the store admiring himself. In two minutes he came back, and diving his hand into the pocket said to the clothesdealer, holding up two cockroaches:

"See what I found in the pockets!"

"Well," said the seller, "ain't you satisfied? Did you expect to get two canary birds with a \$4 overcoat?"

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BARBIE.

A Thoughtful Friend.
Who was that you bowed to on the car?
I asked of her friends as they stood in a
re door on Woolward avenue.
That's Katie
How sweetly she bowed back.
Yes, we love each other dearly. When her
died last year I was the only friend she
thoughtful enough to count the carriages
tell her there were forty seven.

— ♦ —

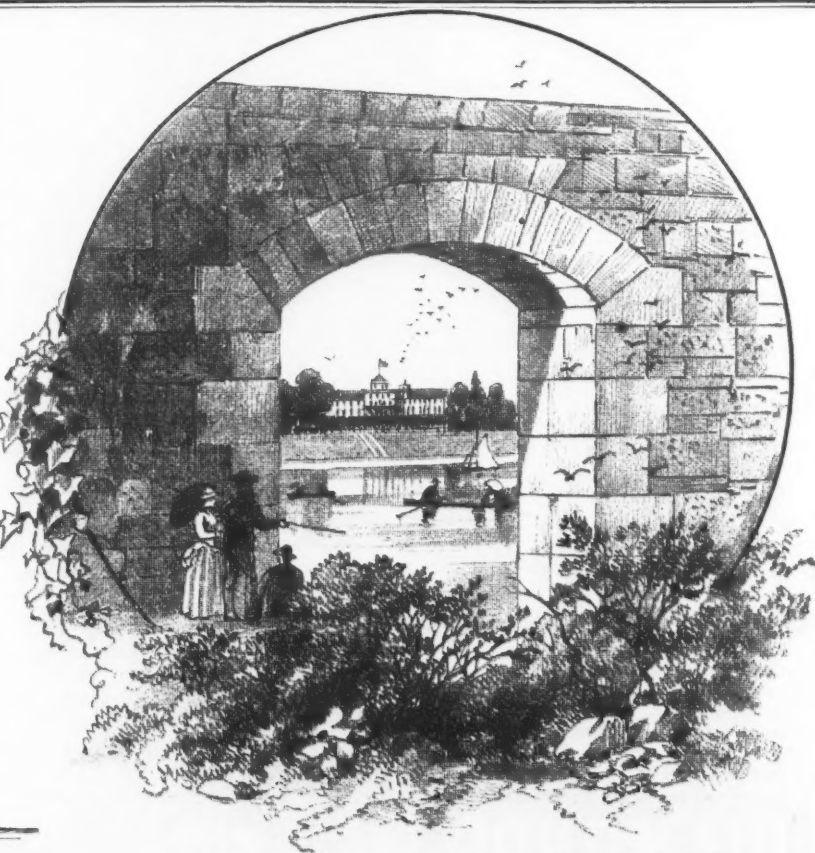
Too Late.
Confidence Man—I should like to see Mr.
Grand of Hayseedville.
Let's Clerk—He is over there at the cashier's
ck, paying his bill.
Confidence Man (sadly)—I'm too late!

— ♦ —

Wanted a Change.
Waiter (at club restaurant)—Ready with your
er, sah?
Some Sportsman (back from a week's fishing)
live me some fish; I'm tired to death of
er things.

B. F. Campbell, Managing Director.

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Love's Bondage Lifted.

They had been engaged a week. Together they had been to see Little Lord Fauntleroy, and were returning to Brooklyn on a bridge train. When the train stopped Angelina got up and walked to the front of the car, thinking that Algernon was close behind. Algernon walked to the rear door, thinking that Angelina was tripping along at his elbow. Two blank faces, a hasty search and a meeting on the platform.

"I thought, Algernon, that of course you would follow me!"

"And I thought, Angelina, that of course you would follow me!"

Both fell to meditating as they walked down the passage way and took a Kings county elevated train. When Vanderbilt avenue was passed Angelina at last broke the silence.

"Perhaps—Algernon—was—was—might—not—have. Don't you think you had better take it back?" and she pulled a dainty little ring from her finger.

Algernon hesitated. The train began to slacken speed for Franklin avenue. Then he took the ring in an absent-minded way as they both arose. "It's so much better," Angelina added, softly, "that we should find out in time," and they disappeared through the door.

The Beauty of Silence.

"That dog of mine," said Chatterly, proudly, "knows as much as I do!"

And Barker Carper muttered, "What a blessing he's muzzled!"

He Wanted to See the Giant.



Policeman (to newly-arrived Hibernian, who has been standing for an hour in above position)—Come, move on, now!

"Devil a shitep'll I move till I see the size of the man that handles that pick!"

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

FEATHERSTONHAUGH—On June 12, at Toronto, Mrs. J. E. Featherstonhaugh—a son.
GUY—On June 11, at Oshawa, Mrs. F. A. Guy—a son.
MACDONALD—On June 12, at Toronto, Mrs. Albert A. Macdonald—a son.
RIORDAN—On June 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Bruce L. Riordan—a son.
WALLIS—On May 17, at Toronto, Mrs. C. H. Wallis—a daughter.
AYLESWORTH—On June 12, at Madoc, Mrs. Fraser Aylesworth—a daughter.
TUBBY—On June 13, at Toronto, Mrs. C. A. Tubby—a daughter.
DUFF—On June 10, at Toronto, Mrs. Alex. R. Duff—a son.
ELLIS—On June 12, at Orangeville, Mrs. Alf. H. Ellis—a daughter.
MCKAY—On June 14, at Toronto, Mrs. George W. McKay—a daughter.
YOUNG—On June 10, at Toronto, Mrs. James M. Young—a son.
MACKELLAR—On June 10, at Toronto, Mrs. J. A. Mackellar—a son.
PIERCE—On June 17, at Toronto, Mrs. H. M. Pierce—a daughter.
WATSON—On June 18, at Toronto, Mrs. A. D. Watson—a son.

Marriages.

BINGHAM—PHILLIPS—On June 12, at Toronto, George A. Bingham to Emma E. Phillips.
BROCK—BROCK—On June 11, at Toronto, Thomas Brock of Hancock, Iowa, to Mrs. Roxana Brock.
GEORGE—NORTHUP—At Toronto, Rev. Dr. J. H. George to Blanche Northup.
LAPLAIN—RODDY—On June 13, at Toronto, Hon. George H. Laplain of Penn-Yan, N. Y., to Kathleen Helena Mary Roddy.
ROTHE—HINCKS—On June 13, at Toronto, R. S. Rothe to Annie Marcella Hincks of Goderich, Ont.
LOWTHER—LOUGHEED—On June 11, at Albion, Ont., Alfred Lowther, D. D. S., of Detroit, Mich., to Violet Lougheed.
BEATON—SCOTT—On June 12, at Montreal, Edwin Percival Beaton of New York, to Hope Scott.
DOUGAL—WILKINSON—On June 12, at Allandale, John T. Dougal of Barrie, to Derina Jane Wilkinson.
COPP—DUTTON—On June 17, at Toronto, William Copp to Julia C. Dutton.
MCARTHUR—FRANKISH—On June 12, at Montreal, William McArthur of Duncannon, Huron County, to Mary (Dolly) Ann Frankish of Montreal.
ALDCORN—BLACK—On June 12, at Proton, William Walter Aldcorn to Jane Black.
SILVERSTEIN—STOKES—On June 18, at Toronto, Geoffrey Silverstein of Brandon, Manitoba, to Emily Rose Stokes.
GIBSON—MCINTOSH—On June 18, at Toronto, John Gray Gibson to Clare Devine McIntosh of San Francisco, Cal.
LAWRENCE—MARTIN—On June 11, at Toronto, Wm. J. Lawrence to Minnie Martin.
WHITFIELD—HATCH—On June 18, at Whitby, T. G. Whitfield to Emma L. Hatch.
FRASER—REID—On June 18, at Toronto, Andrew George Wood Fraser to Annie Bruce Reid.

Deaths.

BEATTY—On June 14, at Toronto, Samuel Beatty, aged 75 years.
DONALDSON—At Toronto, Mrs. Catharine Donaldson.
DAW—On June 13, at Toronto, Bessie Daw.
THOMSON—On June 13, at Acton West, Mrs. John Thomson, aged 60 years.
GALBRAITH—On June 10, at Mazon, Ill., Mrs. George J. Galbraith, aged 21 years.
GLASS—On June 15, at Woodstock, Mrs. A. G. Glass.
HASTINGS—On June 14, at Toronto, John Hastings, aged 53 years.
MACDONALD—On June 15, at Toronto, Chas. Macdonald, aged 53 years.
DAVIS—On June 16, at Ottawa, William Davis, aged 70 years.
BROWNLEY—On June 17, at Toronto, Mrs. Harry Brownley, aged 27 years.
LALLY—On June 17, at Barrie, Edmund S. Lally, aged 82 years.
ROBINSON—On June 18, at Toronto, Geo. T. Robinson, aged 36 years.
COOKE—On June 18, at Toronto, Robert Cooke, aged 57 years.
GLADSTONE—On June 18, at Toronto, Thomas Gladstone, aged 66 years.

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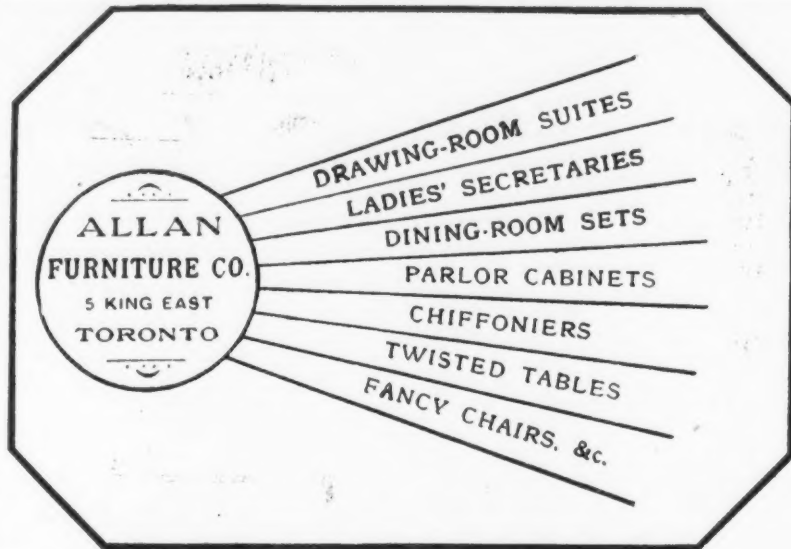
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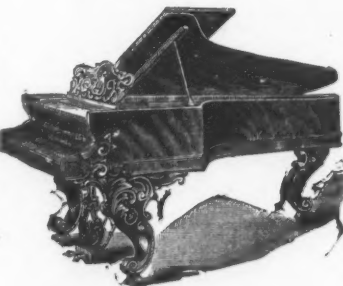
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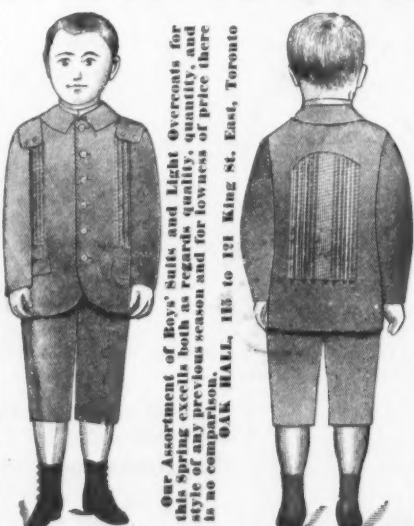
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FARE AND A THIRD

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